REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 46. BELFAST, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1875. NUMBER 13.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Late Hoeing of Corn.

A year ago this August we saw a farmer cultivating his corn, which was then in blossom and ears beginning to form. After the cultivator he had men go through the rows with hoes, cutting out or pulling up every thistle that the cultivator had not uprooted. As this late cultivation was unusual, we asked the farmer what object he expected to gain by it and whether he thought it would pay.

"Yes!" said he; "I expect that this work will pay four times over at least, besides the satisfaction of having work done thoroughly rather than in a slovenly manner. In the first place, this late hoeing will kill the thistles, which has not been done by all the cultivation early in the season. The plant is weakened, and though hundreds of young shoots are starting, it is from the desperate struggles of the root to avoid decay and death. Secondly, this slight stirring of the ground just as the corn is in blossom, admits moisture and the ammonia of the atmosphere to the roots and is equivalent to a slight manuring. The ears of corn will be larger and will fill better for this last dressing. As you can see, the stand is a good one, and I expect to make five bushels of corn more per acre for the extra attention now. This will more than pay the expense. Next spring I shall sow the field with barley and follow it with wheat. The land will be free from thistles and each grain crop will be enough better for having the thistles killed. Besides, I think that the thoro' cultivation in the season makes the soil richer by enabling it to absorb more ammonia from the atmosphere."

Having often known spring grain to be injured ten or more bushels per acre by weeds, besides equal damage to wheat from the same cause, we could not deny the justice of this reasoning. Looking at this field covered with a heavy growth of barley a few weeks ago, with not a thistle to be seen, it was plain that the good work done the year before was having a most excellent effect. It doesn't take much to convert us to the advocacy of anything connected with good farming, and in this case we are quite sure that late hoeing of corn ground foul with thistles will pay. [Rural New Yorker.

When the Chipmunks go to Work.

About August 15 they commenced to work in real earnest. Instead of playful, careless creatures that lived from hand to mouth, they became very busy and sober indeed. Instead of keeping comparatively near home, they wandered quite a distance, for them, and filling both cheek-pouches full of corn, chinkapins (dwarf chestnuts), and small acorns, home they would hurry, looking in the face, like children with the mumps. This storing away of food was continued until the first heavy white frosts, when the chipmunks, as a member of Congress once said, went "into a state of retiracy."

The food gathered, we believe, is consumed in part on their going into winter quarters, they spending some time in their retreats before commencing their hibernating sleep.

This belief, on our part, is based on a result of digging out a third nest on the 3d of November. The last time we noted down seeing a chipmunk belonging to a certain nest was October 22. Twelve days after we very carefully closed the three passages that led to the nest and dug down. We found four chipmunks very cosily fixed for winter in a roomy nest and all of them thoroughly wide awake. Their store of provisions was wholly chestnuts and acorns, and the shells of these nuts were all pushed into one of the passages so that there should be no litter mingled with the soft hay that lined the nest. How long this underground life lasts before hibernation really commences it is difficult to determine; but as this torpid state does not continue until their food supply is again obtainable out of doors, the chipmunks, no doubt, store away sufficient for their needs throughout the early spring, and perhaps until berries are ripe. [Dr. Abbott in popular Science Monthly.

The Value of a Jersey Cross.

There are many good cows in the State of Maine, and possibly one reason for this fact is given by a correspondent of the Maine Farmer in the following paragraph. How much has not this importation of a bull and a cow been worth to the farmers of Maine?

"Here let me briefly trace a Jersey family. Twenty-one years ago Dr. Holmes, then Editor of the Maine Farmer, selected from Samuel Henshaw's Jersey importations and brought to Winthrop a cow and bull named Pansy 3d and Butter Boy. Pansy 3d was bected 'grasshopper year, four years ago, when 21 years old, by Mr. Coburn of Lewiston. She was a profitable cow then, but 'hay was scarce and she was old.' She produced eleven heifers and several males. Victoria Pansy, bred and named by Dr. Holmes, is one of the eleven, and was got by Butter Boy. She will be 15 years old next January, comes in new milk next October, and has produced eight heifers and four males; has given the past year 25 pounds of milk a day, five months from new milk, that yielded more than two pounds of golden butter, and has six years more to live to the age of her mother. The value of Butter Boy's service to the Maine dairies is untold, both in pure bloods and grades. Calves of Durham and native cows got by Butter Boy proved such great butter makers as to make many say 'grades were best.' Mark the increase and ownership of a single cow in twenty years. Pansy 3d, 1 to 12; then Victoria Pansy, 1 to 10, with the increase of ten others to be added; then Topsy (one of Victoria's eight, with five heifers,) one to twenty-six, with the increase of twenty-five to be added.

GOOD BREAD. As I was one day dining with a friend, I said to him, "Your wife makes good bread." "I shouldn't have kept her, if she didn't," was the ready response. Now it would have been most too bad to dismiss one who had already become his wife, for no other fault than that she failed to make good bread. And yet it must be confessed, it is a serious fault; and every young man in pursuit of a wife, would do well to make a requisite that she shall be skilled in the art of making bread. Three times a day during all his married life, will he want on his table this "staff of life." And it is an essential thing that this indispensable article of cookery be well made. The pies and cakes are a secondary consideration. These may be dispensed with, but not the "daily bread." Every mother owes it to her daughters that she will instruct them in the department of household duties. Better that they know less of music and French, and dress, and fashion, than be deficient here. If a man has a wife that daily furnishes his table with bread well made and well baked, so let him be thankful. If such a man comes to his table morose and fault-finding, I will not say that he deserves his bread to be dough, for no man deserves that, but I will say that he deserves no bread at all. Pork and potatoes and beans, without any bread at all, are good enough for him.

How California Fields are Plowed.

The fields are plowed with what are called gang plows, which are simply four, six or eight plow shares fastened to a stout frame of wood. On the lighter soil, eight horses draw a seven gang plow, and one such team is counted on to put 640 acres of wheat in the sowing season; or from eight to ten acres per day. Captain Gray, near Merced, has put in this season 4,000 acres with five such teams—his own land and his own teams. A seed sower is fastened in front of the plow. The plow has no handles, and the plowman is, in fact, only a driver; he guides the team; the plows do their own work. It is easy work, and a smart boy, if his legs are equal to the walk, is as good a plowman as anybody—for the team turns the corners, and the plow is not handled at all. On the heavier soil, the process is somewhat different. An eight horse team moves a four gang plow, and gets over about six acres per day. The seed is then sown by a machine which scatters it forty feet, and sows from seventy-five to one hundred acres in a day, and the ground is then harrowed and cross harrowed.

Fattening Cattle.

In fattening animals, time is often a matter of importance to the feeder. Sometimes a month gained is equal to twenty per cent. greater weight at a later period. Cooking food renders its constituents more soluble and digestible, therefore more rapidly entering upon flesh and fat. As a condiment and appetizer for fattening animals, molasses has no equal. A small quantity of sweet upon hay will cause a larger quantity to be eaten with a relish. We have often tried molasses upon poor animals with great satisfaction. A poor horse will show a change in condition in a few days. The molasses is not only an excellent condiment, but an excellent food; and being so soluble and assimilable that it produces an immediate effect upon the condition of the animal. Three pints may be fed sparingly, and not more than a pint per day to a cow, as too much sweet will prevent their breeding. When necessary to use straw for fattening stock, the use of molasses diluted with eight to ten proportions of water to wet the straw before steaming, will be found to render it very palatable, and cause it to be eaten, incorporated with other fattening food, as readily as hay. Some noted chemists have supposed all starchy food to be coverted into sugar by the action of the stomach, before it becomes assimilated as food. Perhaps this will account for the remarkable effect of sweet upon animals. [Stewart's Prize Essay.

Farm Paragraphs.

Carbolic acid soap is recommended for orming a wash to kill ticks on sheep. It s said to work to a charm.

The Georgia State fair is to offer prizes for the best rifle shooting, and the best drilled military companies.

The editor of the N. E. Farmer has tried the hulless oats so loudly advertised last spring, and don't like them.

Before the end of August over 2,000,000 baskets of peaches had been shipped from Delaware, yet the fruit is scarcely missed.

Experiments at Houston, Texas, show that Northern corn yields ten bushels to the acre more than the ordinary corn of the country.

An association has been formed in England to secure a supply of live cattle from the United States to supply the needs of the English market.

Hungarian grass and turnips are said by a leading milkman to be the very best winter feed he has ever been able to find for cows kept for milk alone.

The editor of the New England Farmer says a little sulphur, sifted into the feathers while the hen broods her eggs or chicks, is a sure and safe remedy for lice.

In the opinion of many practical farmers, grain fed to cows as the food begins to tail in the pastures will return a larger profit than when fed at any other season of the year.

A Louisiana planter has been successful in the cultivation of the Chinese tea plant, and has produced a perfect article of tea, which commands a ready sale at a good price.

A migratory sheep-raiser in Beatrice, Neb., has a flock of 800 sheep. His home is on wheels, and with his family he roves from place to place, wherever he can find good grazing lands.

We feel perfect confidence in recommending all our, dairy farmers to try a piece of rye for feeding green next spring, and it is about time now to put in the seed. [N. E. Farmer.

Fruit-trees are said to grow as much better for weeding and hoeing as a hill of corn does. After the trees are large enough to shade the ground the weeds may be kept down by a mulch.

In the opinion of the agricultural editor of the Lewiston Journal, a ton of feed removed from the mowing fields this fall, by fall feeding, will take, on an average, two tons out of next year's hay crop.

A West Marlboro', Vt., man says that the apple crop will be light this season, owing to the eating of the buds on the apple-trees last spring by partridges, which are very plenty in all the timber lands.

Animals must be of pure blood to be qualified for admission to the Centennial Exposition next year, trotting stock, fat and draught cattle excepted, and even those of pure blood must be highly meritorious.

A convention of all the Grange purchasing agents is to be held in Louisville, Ky., the first of October. It is hoped that a plan for a uniform business system for the United States will be adopted.

The ripening of cheese is essentially a fermentation process which will not take place in a too cool temperature. The best authorities hold that the temperature of a cheese room, should not be below 60 deg., nor above 75 deg.

THE CATALEPTIC ROOSTER. There is a curious experiment which any one who is the possessor of a rooster can try for himself with success, and which has never been positively explained. It is an ancient one, in fact it is two hundred years and over ago, since it was commented upon by Kircher in 1646. Still, it is none the less curious, and almost as much a subject of speculation now, as it was when first observed. It is performed thus: Select a dark-colored table with a smooth top; place it so that a narrow streak of sunlight will fall across the surface. The sunlight is not absolutely material to success, but we have found the desired result to be more quickly obtained when it is present. Then set the rooster on the table, and hold his head down so that his beak comes in contact with the wood. Now with a piece of chalk, and in the sunlight, draw a line straight from the bird's beak. Move the chalk very slowly, and by the time the line is a couple of feet in length the rooster will fall into a cataleptic or trance-like condition; and although the hands are removed from his body, he will remain perfectly rigid for a minute or two. It is said that a black line on a white surface will produce the same effect. Hens may be similarly treated, but it takes much longer to get them into the trance state, it being necessary to hold the head down several minutes before they come under the influence. This phenomenon is termed hypnotism, or the result of a curious sleep-producing property incident to the fixation of the attention upon some bright object. It is by some considered a partial paralyzation of the brain. The same can be done upon human beings. The person should fix his eyes steadfastly on any glittering object, say a disk of silver paper, fastened on a black surface and brought within ten inches of his face, for about twenty or thirty minutes. A state of torpor supervenes, during which, it the limbs be gently raised, they will rigidly remain as placed. Surgical operations have been performed under these conditions without causing suffering to the patient.

William Shakespeare is singing ballads in London; George Washington has been ordered to leave town; Louis Napoleon is shoveling in the chain-gang; John Bunyan was warned out of a Connecticut town last week as a tramp; Plutarch was hung in Texas a few days ago for horse-stealing; John Hancock ran off with another man's wife last week; Abraham Lincoln was recently caught picking an old gent's pocket at a county fair; Charles Sumner is in an Iowa jail on suspicion; Oliver Cromwell was sent to the Cleveland Work-house two weeks ago for thirty days. "What's in a name?"

A Cradle Song.

Sleep, baby, sleep, in thy warm, living cradle,
A cradle of arms which thy mother has made;
Year after year has thy pillow been ready,
Now thou at last on that pillow art laid.

Year after year I have known thee and loved thee,
The sweet, cooing tones of thy voice I have heard,
Felt the soft touch of thy small, dimpled fingers,
Rocked in its nest my wee, fluttering bird.

Yet in those years thou wert only a "dream-child,"
Only in fancy I rocked thee to rest,
Few are the months since my dream became real,
And a warm, living form to my bosom I pressed.

As in the honey-comb gathers the honey,
Stored by the care of the laboring bee,
So all my life has my love been preparing,
Stored in my heart-cells, and waiting for thee.

Mother-love grew as I played in my nursery,
Played as a child with my doll on my knee;
Then in my heart it was budding and blooming—
Now it has bloomed, and is ready for thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep; for the sides of thy cradle
And soft, heaving pillow shall keep thee from harm;
Never shall a refuge and love be denied thee,
So long as that pillow is living and warm.

The Timely Warning.

"Good night, papa," said a sweet childish voice

I looked down in surprise at the little girl that was standing at my friend's knee; for though this was our first meeting after a separation of some years, I had supposed him to be childless.

She had entered the room so noiselessly that, until she spoke, neither of us had been conscious of her presence.

"Good night, my daughter," said my host, a smile of infinite tenderness softening his rather stern features, and holding out his arms as he spoke.

The child sprang quickly to the shelter of that broad breast, laying her soft cheeks lovingly against his.

As he held her thus, stroking tenderly as a mother might the shining hair that mingled with his own jetty locks, I thought that I had never seen a prettier picture.

She was in form so *petite*, with features almost infantile in their delicacy of outline, he so strong and stately; her complexion was exquisitely fair, and her eyes of the softest hue, while his were black and piercing, and his face bronzed by the exposure to sun and storm incidental to his adventurous life.

A matronly looking woman opened the door, pausing upon the threshold as if reluctant to disturb them.

As soon as my friend observed her, he arose, and blessing the child with a solemnity and tenderness I had never witnessed in him before, dismissed her.

"Not your own daughter?" I said, as soon as we were left alone.

"No; but I could not love her better if she were. She is the most precious of all my earthly possessions, as well she might be. My darling little Katie! she saved my life."

"What! that slender, delicate child?"

"Yes; and when she was smaller and younger than she is now."

"I will tell you how it was," added my friend, replying more to the eager inquiries in my eyes than to anything I had said. "It is not a long story."

And pushing toward me a cut glass dish, of some quaint and curious pattern, filled with heavy clusters of grapes, my host settled himself back in his easy chair and commenced as follows:

"About two years ago, important business called me to A——, in the western part of Canada. Partly because I was more accustomed to that style of locomotion, and partly because public conveyances in that section of country were slow and uncertain, I started on horseback.

"I had been about a fortnight on my way, and was beginning to congratulate myself that I was near the termination of my journey.

"It was near sundown and the sky began to look as it a storm was brewing. I had ridden many hours through a rude, thinly settled country, and began to look anxiously about for some human habitation. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief that I saw, a few rods ahead of me, what seemed to be a public house. It was so long since I had seen one, that in spite of its dark, dreary appearance, it had a pleasant look to me.

"There were neither trees nor any signs of vegetation around the house, in front of which a crazy-looking sign was creaking in the wind that was rising, and upon which could be seen a few letters of what was evidently once—'Entertainment for Man and Beast,' now nearly effaced by exposure to the weather.

"As I rode to the door, I saw a stout, middle aged man sitting on the rude porch, cleaning a gun.

"'Good evening, friend,' I said. 'Can you tell me how far it is to the village of A——?'

"The man gave me a quick, comprehensive glance, and then dropped his eyes.

"'It is a matter of eight miles,' he replied; 'just beyond the Black Forest, the edge of which you can see from here. You had better not attempt it to-night,' he added, as he saw I was hesitating as to whether I had better stop or push ahead, now that I was so near my journey's end. 'There's a storm coming up; besides, a good many travellers have been robbed in Black Forest lately.'

"'I believe I won't risk it then,' I said; 'for I have that about me that I wouldn't care to lose.'

"I recalled afterwards the sudden brightening of the landlord's eyes as I said this, but it was so brief that it made little impression on me at the time.

"Remarking that his ostler had gone away on an errand, he took charge of my horse, and taking my saddle-bags in my hand, I entered the house.

"It consisted of a large hall, with a good sized room on either side. As soon as I stepped in, my attention was arrested by a little girl, in spite of her neglected appearance, one of the most perfectly lovely little creatures that I ever saw.

"I learned afterwards that she was nearly nine, but so small and delicate was she that she looked full three years younger.

"In one of the rooms was a large, coarse-featured woman, with a peculiar, disagreeable expression of countenance, engaged in some domestic duties; the other was vacant, and entering it, I took a seat upon the settee.

"The little girl came and stood by the open door, fixing her large, earnest eyes upon me with a mournful intentness of expression that I never saw in any child before.

"I smiled and held out my hand to her. To my surprise she came directly to me."

"Touched by this expression of confidence in an entire stranger, no less than by her exceeding beauty, I took her upon my lap."

"You are not my papa," she said, regarding me with the same wistful look, "but you look like him."

"Where is your papa?" I inquired, more for the sake of talking than because I cared to know.

"The child shuddered and turned pale."

"Just then the landlord entered. He frowned as his eye fell upon the child, and looked uneasy."

"You must not trouble the gentleman," he said, in a voice whose harshness was in marked contrast to the smooth, oily tones he had used in speaking to me. "Get down and go into the kitchen."

"The child shrank, in mortal fear, from that tone; and in spite of my detaining hand slipped quickly from my knee and left the room."

"After partaking of a warm substantial supper, I requested to be shown to my room, as I was desirous of taking an early start in the morning."

"The room into which the landlord took me was an upper room, of good size and comfortably furnished. I observed that there was only one window, and that one very small and provided with shutters."

"As I was examining my knapsack, with my back to the door, I heard a faint rustle, and turning I saw the little girl I had observed below standing in the middle of the room, with an expression upon her countenance which startled me as much as her unexpected appearance."

"Are you going to stay here to-night?" she said, in a hurried whisper.

"Yes," I replied. "Wouldn't you like to have me?"

"No, oh no," she said, with the same look and tone, and shuddering as she spoke. "This is a dreadful place. Don't stay! If you do, they will kill you just as they did—"

"Kathie, Kathie!" screamed the harsh voice of the landlord's wife, "come down here this minute."

"Kathie's eyes dilated with terror; turning, she glided from the room as quickly and noiselessly as she had entered.

"Listening, I heard angry voices below, then a sharp cry, ending in piteous sobs, which gradually died away, as if the child were conveyed to some distant part of the house.

"Filled with indignation and alarm, I opened the door, with the intention of interfering; but feeling upon the second thought how useless any such attempt would be, in my present situation, I closed it and went to the window. I placed my hand upon the shutters, they were iron, and firmly fixed into the casement.

"It did not take me long to decide what to do. After examining my revolver to see it it was all right, I took my traps and descended to the bar-room.

"The landlord started with an angry look when he saw me."

"I have concluded to resume my journey," I said, in as careless a tone as I could assume. "Please bring my horse directly to the door."

"Every one to his fancy," said the man glancing sharply at me from the corner of his eyes; "but I shouldn't want to pass through Black Forest alone such a night as this."

"You forget my trusty friend here," I said, touching my revolver significantly, as I spoke.

"The villian cowered; for he saw in a moment that I understood him

"I s'pose you know your own business best," he mittered sullenly, as he went out for my horse.

"It was with a feeling of joy that I found myself again in the saddle, gloomy and lonely as was the way before me. Yet my thoughts reverted sadly to the sweet child, to whose timely warning I owed so much; and I determined to obtain a search warrant and rescue her, if possible, from the cruel hands of those whom I felt could have no legal claim on her.

"I soon struck into the Black Forest, which was composed principally of fir and pine, to whose dark foliage it doubtless owed its name.

"But soon the faithful creature that had never failed me before, began to halt, and finally became so lame as to be unable to proceed further. Suspecting treachery, I dismounted.

"The sky had partially cleared, and the moon had risen, but she only gave a lithl light, and now had entirely disappeared under a cloud. But striking a match, I discovered that two sharp pebbles had been skillfully inserted into one of the torchoots and which had been driven with every step further into the hoof. I succeeded in disloging one, but the other defied all my efforts; so tying the animal to a tree, I determined to proceed on foot.

"I had hardly done so when I heard the quick sound of horses' feet along the road. I stepped back in the shadow of the tree, and looked the direction whence it proceeded.

"I could just discern the outlines of two horsemen, who reined up within a few feet of the spot where I stood.

"I felt that the odds were greatly against me, but I was determined to sell my life dearly.

"I shouldn't suppose his horse could have taken him away any further," said one of them, whose voice I instantly recognized as that of my late host.

"Hist! here is his horse," said the other, as an impatient movement of the animal betrayed his proximity.

"Just then the moon, emerging from a cloud, revealed my form distinctly as I stood with one finger on the trigger, watching for the first gleam of light to make my aim sure.'

"The landlord's eyes fell directly upon me and with a muttered curse he snatched a pistol from his belt. But he was to late; there was a sharp whistle, followed by a dull, heavy sound, and throwing his hands upwards, he fell forward upon his horse.

"As he fell, his pistol which was at half cock was discharged to all appearances mortally wounding his companion, who dropped instantly to the ground.

"But it seems that this was merely a feint; for no sooner did he see that I was off my guard than he fired. Fortunately he aimed too high, and the ball passed harmlessly over my head.

"I sprang forward, and after a brief struggle succeeded in disarming him. Then perceiving that one of his knees was shattered, making escape impossible, I left him, and mounting the fine looking animal he rode I resumed my journey.

"It was past midnight when I reached A——, and broad daylight when, accompanied by a magistrate, a posse of constables, and several of the villagers, I returned to the scene of my night's adventure.

"The landlord lay just as he had fallen, his pale face turned up to the rays of the sun. The other villain had managed to crawl away, but he was soon tracked and secured.

"We then went in a body to the tavern. There was no one in the house but the old woman, who though she seemed at first a little startled by our entrance, manifested the most stolid indifference, even when told of the fate of her husband. As she was believed to be accessory to his crimes, she was taken into custody.

"To my surprise and astonishment, little Kathie was nowhere to be found. I questioned the woman, endeavoring by alternate threats and bribes to obtain some clue to her fate; she maintained a sullen silence.

"They had all gone, but I still lingered, thinking sadly of the dear child, who I was constrained to fear in saving my life had lost her own, when I heard a faint cry. I put my ear to the floor whence it seemed to proceed, and it was repeated. As quick as thought, I removed some straw that was lying upon the floor, revealing a trap door. I lifted it up, and there in a dark, damp, noisome hole was poor little Kathie, almost fainting from terror.

"My joy in finding her you can well imagine; and as for her, she clung to me as we cling to the only friend we have.

"The man was tried and executed, the woman turning state's evidence. He confessed upon the scaffold to the murder of a number of travelers, among whom was Kathie's father.

"As soon as my little protege was able to travel, I took her with me to the states.

"Though the idea of parting with her was a painful one, a sense of duty induced me to write to her nearest male relative, an uncle, residing in Ohio, stating what I had ascertained in regard to his brother's fate, and the singular providence which had given his little niece so strong a claim upon my love and protection.

"But he had a large family of his own; and though he would have given a home to his brother's child had she stood in need of it, upon learning the circumstances very willingly relinquished her to me.

"She has lived with me ever since, growing nearer and dearer to my heart every day.

"So you perceive,' added my friend, in conclusion, 'that I did not speak lightly when I said that little Kathie saved my life. And I have sometimes thought,' he added, his expressive eyes growing soft and misty as he spoke, 'that she has done much toward making it worth saving, for never until I felt the clinging of her little arms around my neck, did I realize the full import of those holy words, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

And as I looked upon him and thought of one great sorrow that had hardened his youth, turning to bitterness the sweet spring of domestic affection, and the life he had led since, so calculated to draw out the harsher and sterner of his nature, I thanked God for the angel He had sent to him in the form of a little child.

"A Little Duck."

[From the London Standard of Sept. 2.]

A young girl named Agnes Alice Beckwith, daughter of the professor of swimming at Lambeth Baths, yesterday accomplished the difficult feat of swimming from London Bridge to Greenwich. The distance is rather more than five miles, and the time was remarkably fast—namely, 1h. 7m. 45s. Mr. Beckwith has been connected with the Lambeth Baths for nearly a quarter of a century, and for fourteen years held the proud position of champion swimmer of England. The heroine of yesterday's proceedings is but fourteen years old, of slim make and diminutive statue. The object was to decide a wager of £60 to £40 laid against her by Mr. Baylis, the money being deposited with Bell's Life.

The event created a great deal of excitement, and all along the route the progress of the swimmer was watched by excited crowds on the wharts and barges. In addition to the London Steamboat Company's Volunteer, a private steam launch, and a rowing boat containing her father, the referee and some half dozen others immediately interested in the result, a perfect swam of boats accompanied—and indeed impeded—the swimmer the entire distance. London Bridge was crowded, as were the vessels and other points whence a view of the start could be obtained.

Miss Beckwith dived from the rowing boat at nine minutes to five, and at once commenced a rapid side stroke, which she maintained to the finish. She was attired in a swimming costume of light rose pink llama, trimmed with braid and lace of the same color. The water was very smooth, and the tide running about three miles per hour. Swimming about a couple of yards in the rear of the referee's boat, Tunnel Pier was reached at 22 minutes past five. At Horseferry Dock (5.22) a salute was fired, and the swimmer was encouraged with lusty cheers. The Commercial Dock was quickly left behind, soon after the Hilda, on her return from Margate, crowded with excursionists, passed the flotilla. Passing Millwall Miss Beckwith crossed to the north side and took advantage of the strong tide. At this point she was met by the saloon steamer, Victoria, whose passengers were vociferous in their applause. The Foreign Cattle Market at Deptford was breasted at twelve minutes to six, and, as Greenwich Hospital appeared in sight, the intelligence was conveyed to the swimmer by repeated cheers, a salute being also fired from the Unicorn. The pier at Greenwich and the grounds of the slip were crowded with people who cheered to the echo when the spirited strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" announced the success of the attempt. Miss Beckwith swam some distance beyond the pier and was taken on board at 5h. 58m. 45s., having accomplished the distance, as stated above, in 1h. 7m. 45s.

She seemed almost as fresh as when she started, and to all appearances was capable of going considerably further. It is worthy of mention that this was Miss Beckwith's first essay of the sort, it we except a trial trip on Monday from Battersea to Westminster. Her nearest approach to the present feat was a swim of two and a half miles in the Lambeth Baths in three-quarters of an hour.

The details of the sinking of the British iron-clad Vanguard, one of the largest and best of the English war vessels, are furnished by late foreign files. Six vessels had started out from Kingston for Cork, when a dense fog came on, and they were not only hidden from sight of land, but also from sight of one another. Four vessels were ahead, and the Vanguard and Iron Duke, both iron-clads, of fourteen guns, were bringing up the rear. Shortly after midnight the Vanguard suddenly saw a large sailing vessel immediately before her. Following the rule of the road, she put her helm hard starboard and escaped the danger, only to fall into another more disastrous to herself. Her change of direction had brought her at right angles to the Iron Duke, whose nearness the fog had concealed. The latter was seen when only a cable's length behind, and escape was then impossible. The Vanguard's engines were reversed, but the Iron Duke come on with a momentum of 10,000 tons, and her ram tore a great hole almost in the center of the ship. The water rushed in, and her foundering would have been a matter of minutes only, but for the fact that the Vanguard was built in water-tight compartments. The effect of the water-tight compartments was to keep the doomed vessel afloat an hour after she was struck. In that brief time the noblest qualities of the British sailor were called into play. The captain promised safety as the condition and consequence of obedience to orders. The men responded perfectly, and moved only as they were bidden. Meanwhile the Iron Duke, which had backed after the collision, got out her boats, the Vanguard lowered hers, and every man was safely transferred to the former, the captain being the last to leave the ship. Nothing was saved except what the men stood in, and no life was lost. When all the men were safe the vessel sank deep enough to hide all of her but the topgallant mast. The Vanguard cost nearly two million dollars, and with her guns and outfit was worth two and a half million. The officers' plate is valued at $1300, and the wines at $1500. The position of the Vanguard has been marked with buoys, and, as she lies in the line of much traffic, she must be raised or destroyed. Preparations have been made to raise her, which will be the greatest experiment in hydraulic engineering ever made.

As a locomotive tender was being filled with water at the tank in the Erie Railway yard, at Port Jervis, N. Y., a few days ago, suddenly the water ceased to flow. The apparatus was taken apart, and the pipes were found to be choked with catfish, from an inch to two inches in length. The same day as engine No. 275 was going up the mountain, it was found that no water was running from the tank to the boiler. The train was stopped and the fire drawn to prevent an explosion. An investigation showed that the connecting hose was literally packed with these little fish. Hydrants ceased to work throughout the village, and the pipes carrying water to the boilers in the Erie shops refusing to discharge, operations were necessarily suspended until they could be cleared. As in the other cases, catfish were the cause of the stoppage. There was almost a complete water famine for several hours. An examination of the water-works reservoir showed that the strainer had been cut in some way, giving free access to the water main to millions of the young fish. The break was repaired, and the cause of the trouble removed.

Hunting for Wild Honey.

All along that part of the valley of the Pequannock which lies in Passaic and Morris counties, New Jersey, and among the Stony Brook and Green Pond mountains, the wild country is the favorite resort of sportsmen. There are stretches of miles on the steep side-hills where fields have not yet been laid out, and where the smaller game lives undisturbed, and at the foot of the hills trackless swamps form refuges almost as secure. The streams that rush down the hills into the Pequannock are filled with trout. "It is a wild country up here," said an old man who had lived there since he was a boy, "and the new railroad is about all that has saved us from being savages, for we couldn't do much on our farms, and it didn't pay us to cut wood, and so we just lived along as though we were on the frontier." The iron mines of the district are its chief wealth, and inseparably associated with them are the rugged hills in which the ore is found, and the none less rugged men who pass half their lives under the ground. The inhabitants, aside from the miners, are few in number, and for their living they depend far more upon their guns, rods, and dogs than on markets and agriculture. They shoot game, trap fur-bearing animals, and catch fish, and to sweeten their coffee and cakes they have the honey that they take from the hives of wild bees.

The "white man's fly," as the Indians call the wild honey bee, lives on just debatable ground between civilization and solitude, and the average white man likes to track the "fly" to its home and to scoop out from a hollow tree the stores of honey that have accumulated for years. The wild bee is found neither in those sections where the white man has not penetrated, nor in the country where he has thriving villages and cultivated fields. This last fact is not due so much to any peculiarity of the bee in insisting upon sequestration, as to the white man's notion that if he wants to gather a sure harvest of honey in the fall he had better keep his bees in a neat hive not far from a bulldog, than in a marked tree far from his house. There are men in Morris county, like John Odell who, owning a patch of ground for themselves, keep their bees on the mountain-tops and in the swamp lands for miles around, and they are safe. No one but a professional bee hunter could ever find the hives, and it is an unwritten law among them that they shall respect each other's prior rights. A big blazed spot on the side of the tree that holds the bees, and initial or mark of the discover, are sufficient to protect his rights of property, and he can lose his bees only by their swarming and choosing another home. Then, unless he is present to follow them with his own eye from their old home to their new, his claim upon them is gone, and they will belong to him who first finds them.

The professional bee hunter begins his work early in the spring. He stands close by some patch of spring flowers, from which he follows a single bee sometimes for miles, blazing his way as he goes, until he sees it enter a hollow tree or a cleft in the rocks. If the hive proves to be new property, the finder establishes his claim with his hatchet, and takes careful bearings of the spot, jotting them down with reference to local streams and rocks, and natural landmarks unintelligible to strangers, and as bewildering as Capt. Kidd's log books have been to modern gold seekers. He calculates his longitude, perhaps from some woodchuck's hole known only to himself, and his latitude from some tall tree conspicuous by its blighted top, or from a pool that has a historical interest to him by reason of a big trout which he has caught there; for the bee hunter is usually a fisherman and sportsman too. Later in the season the best starting ground is from the few buckwheat fields that are cultivated on the sunniest spots of the hillsides; but no honey is taken from the hives until late in the fall, after the gathering is over. Then, if the storing place is accessible, the bulk of the sweet treasure is taken out, only enough being left to maintain the busy workers through a semi-torpid winter.

The non-professional hunters, who are generally the miners on a Sunday holiday, or the employees of the Midland railroad, are less particular about providing for the future welfare of the bees, and they seldom hesitate to cut down a tree as soon as it is found.

At this season it requires more science than in the spring, and the disappointments of the chase are many. One afternoon last week, at the end of their day's work, a little party set out from Newfoundland for the woods near Oak Ridge. They were non-professional bee hunters. Among them were David Sutherland, Alfred Kimbal, and George Dixon. They stopped just in the edge of an oak coppice, and commenced their operations. It was idle to stand over thistle-blows or buttercups to look for bees, for the air was cool, and it needed stronger inducements than ordinary perfume to attract the insects. Kimbal drew from his pocket a small tin plate, placed it on the stump of a long-dead bee tree in the middle of a natural opening in the woods. On this he placed a handful of sugar and set it on fire. Mingled with the sugar were a few flakes of honeycomb, producing no perceptible effect upon human nostrils, but giving, the hunters said, an additional inducement to the bees that was always successfully seductive. The sugar melted before the flames, turning into a bubbling, drawy syrup that could scarcely be seen through the curling smoke. The hunters stood a few paces away, generally behind neighboring trees, and watched the pan steadily.

"There comes the first gull," said Sutherland in a loud, excited whisper, as his quick eye detected up among the tree tops a keen-scented bee, that was circling around in the fragrant clouds of vapor, seeming bewildered by their extent, and as though she thought they must rise from some ten-acre patch of sunflowers. But the fire grew faint and fainter, and the smoke fell low and lower, and following it closely in its fall came the bee. When the flames died out, the bee was only a few feet above the pan of charred sugar, and soon dropped upon it. A little of the syrup had been preserved from total black dryness, and upon this the bee feasted. Others had been attracted later and after similar evolutions settled by her side, and commenced the work of gathering their harvest. They crowded each other about the most succulent morsels and buzzed busily above the pan, sometimes seeming to feed while on the wing, but with their noses buried deep in the sugar. Occasionally one arose and flew away, but without attracting more than the passing attention of the eager watchers, for though the success of capture depends upon accurately noting the direction in which the bee flies, it is necessary not to be misled by those idle bees that have stopped for a lunch merely, not for a load. The lunchers buzz around in a listless manner as they feed, and when they go away they fly in a rambling, hap-hazard course that gives no clue to their homes; but the workers with their thighs heavy with wax and pollen, shoot straight up like carrier pigeons, make a few regular circles while they take observations, and then dart off straight as a die for the destination.

Several minutes passed before the hunters, by a rapid start and an intent upward gaze, showed that a laden bee had risen for flight. The little insect went straight up until it could command a view above the tree tops and could scarcely be seen by the party below. There she paused a moment before choosing her course, and while she was there poised the hunters so ranged themselves that at least one of them could see which way she might fly, in whatever direction that might be; for by standing so that a certain relation between the range of vision, the course of the bee and the angle of light is secured, a steady eye can keep a bee in sight for a distance remarkably long. For this particular bee George Dixon stood in the lucky position, just outside the coppice, and long after all others in the party had lost the trail, his straining eye was bent intently westward. In time he, too, could see the bee no longer; but before that time came he had taken a sight straight over the top of a distant tree that would lead him direct to the bee's hive.

Before following the track the party returned to their old positions, crouching behind the tree until another bee arose. That one, too, they sighted, but she flew toward the south. Her course was noted by Kimbal and the watching was resumed and continued until the last bee was gone. Of nine bees that arose five flew westward in the course marked by the first bee, three flew to the north, and one, the sole representative of another hive, chose a middle course. It was decided at once to hunt to the west, as it was probable that the hive in that direction was nearest, through having furnished the majority of the bees, and the party started forth after lighting some more sugar, in order that other bees might be attracted. These new bees, it was thought, might overtake the hunters, and if they chanced to be observed, might help to assure them that they were on the right trail. It was a fortunate provision, for the party had walked scarcely a quarter of a mile before they lost sight for a time of the great tree which was guiding them. They were at a loss for their course and paused irresolute. Just then a sharp buzz struck Sutherland's ear, and a moment later a bee flew over his head, and set the party right. They stumbled on over the rough ground, now wading in swamps and again pushing away through heavy brush, but always straight ahead without a swerve. Many times they fell into doubt, but at such times they did not recklessly go on, but waited for a bee to guide them. Once, after a prolonged pause, no bee was seen, and it became necessary to light the alluring sugar and honeycomb to attract new guides. This was successful. At the end of a mile, or perhaps more, the hunters emerged from some underbush through which they had slowly made a path to a comparatively open piece of wood, thro' which they could see on an opposite hill the big tree that Dixon had originally chosen for a guide. Their progress thenceforth was easy, but marked with great care, for the hive might be between them and the tree, or in the tree itself, or in some place still further on. It might be in a log, in a tree, or in a cleft in the rocks, and the greatest watchfulness was demanded.

The hunters therefore walked slowly, Sutherland keeping a sharp lookout on the right and Dixon on the left, while Kimbal held the party straight to its course. It was then growing late, the bees had stopped flying, and the dusk was gathering. "It's the best time to clean out the hive," said Southland, "for the bees will not be lively; but we have got to find them pretty quick, that's certain," and he looked anxiously at the sun, which was already half hidden behind the hills. "Hark! what's that?" exclaimed Dixon at that moment, rising his hand to his ear and stopping suddenly and sharply. "It's bees, or I'm a nigger," continued he confidently after brief hesitation. And all, standing quietly, listened to a peculiar sound, half buzz, half rustle, which seemed to come from a medium-sized oak, not five feet from where Dixon stood. So far as could be seen, the oak was strong, thrifty, and without a mark upon it, but Sutherland upon going to its other side found a hole large enough to admit a man's fist, just under the lowest branches. For prudential reasons he did not put his fist into the hole. All around at the bark was slightly discolored, being turned to a yellowish brown. "It is a bees' nest, boys, sure," said Kimbal, whose experience in bee-hunting was wider than that of any of his companions; "and now, the next thing is to get the honey."

To do this it would have been wiser

A Blackmailer Caught.

City Marshal Batchelder of Lawrence, made his first appearance Tuesday evening in female apparel. He was under escort of Assistant Marshal Neal. The loving pair took their departure from the the city about eight o'clock. Batchelder in a dress skirt, a sun bonnet and a shawl makes an engaging and attractive appearance. The two were bent, the American says, upon the capture of a man who for several weeks past has been levying blackmail on such loony lovers as have wandered out of the city to the vicinity of the Catholic cemetery. There are several by-roads thereabouts, and, altogether, the locality is sufficiently retired and secluded to make it a favorite one for out-of-door wooing and billing and cooing. Here Neal for three nights has breathed his vows of devotion and whispered "sweet nothings" in the eager ear of Batchelder. Complaints have been coming to the station house, of late, from various parties that they or some of their friends, usually the latter, have been approached after night fall, in the vicinity of the cemetery, by a man who has claimed to be a special police officer, and who has pretended to make arrests and then has released the offenders on payment of money. In one case the blackmailer obtained $20, and in others he was appeased with $5 or $10. The blackmailing process, it appears, was submitted to, in some cases, by parties who were guilty of no impropriety of conduct, simply to avoid the disgrace of the imprisonment at the station house, which they supposed would follow their refusal to disgorge. Neal and his fair comrade arrived at the cemetery in a top-buggy about 8 o'clock. Lovers driving alone seldom travel rapidly in the dark places of a road, and the horse was allowed to walk slowly while Neal, like Claude Melnotte in the play, doubtless discoursed in impassioned eloquence of love's young dream, and of close companionship on a cool night's carriage drive.

To make a long story short, suffice it to say now that the third attempt of the officers to trap the blackmailer proved a success. At a dark spot of the road a man emerged from the woods and grabbed the horse by the bridle. Batchelder's voice is hardly velvety and mellifluous enough to to make it appear like that of a female, and Neal, therefore, did the talking. The officers first made a show of attempting to lash the horse into breaking away from the highwayman's grasp, and Neal then demanded to know why they were detained. The man answered that he was a police officer, and that the inmates of the carriage were under arrest for improper conduct. Neal resented the imputation, and his companion was so much overcome by such an insinuation against her character that she could find no words to express herself. Neal tried in vain to obtain a release, and the man held the horse until Neal promised money. Neal then said: "I'll have to get out to get at my wallet," and while his lady held the reins, the assistant marshal, who had only the disguise of a tall silk hat and a citizen's overcoat, stepped to the ground and drew forth his pocket-book. The blackmailer walked up to the officer, and turned the light of his bull's eye lantern upon the officer's wallet, as Neal prepared to draw forth the $10 which he had promised him in settlement of the case. The man received the money, and in an instant more Neal's grip was on his windpipe, and Batchelder, thowing off his feminine gear, jumped from the carriage and bore a helping hand. The man was quickly secured, handcuffed, and brought to the station. His name is Michael Madden, about 35 years old, married, and living and owning a house on Cedar street. He has worked for L. G. & J. N. Pratt, stone masons. He was formerly in the army, a soldier in the 4th infantry, and had a reputation there as an incorrigible "bummer." In the Police Court his case was continued until next Monday for further hearing. He was committed in default of $800 bail on two charges to falsely personating a police officer. [Boston Herald.

A Horrible Story of Crime.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept 24. The Gazette's Bellefontaine special says Mrs. Schell, wife of the man arrested for the murder of Miss McLaughlin, near Belle Centre on Thursday, was arrested to-day and testified before the coroner that her husband told her that he intended to ravish Miss McLaughlin and kill her afterwards, that their ride on Thursday was planned for that purpose, and that her husband threatened to kill her if she followed him when he went into the bushes with Miss McLaughlin. She says he returned in about two hours, stating that Miss McLaughlin fought so hard, he did not succeed in ravishing her, although after he had stabbed her she said, "Don't kill me, Jim; I won't resist any more." But he feared she would tell, and so he killed her, threatening also to kill his wife if she told of it. Mrs. Schell also testified to other crimes committed by her husband. The affair causes the most intense excitement. Business is suspended, and it is reported that several hundred citizens of the surrounding country are coming to Bellefontaine to-night, determined to lynch Schell. Many wagon loads have already arrived. The Sheriff has summoned a strong posse, who are guarding the jail, but trouble is expected before morning.

Later—The operator at Bellefontaine reports that a mob hung Schell at half-past 12 o'clock.

The flagship Bellerophon, of the North American and West Indian squadron of the British navy, arrived at Newport, R. I. on the 18th, with Vice-Admiral George G. Wolseley on board. After the usual salutes to and from Fort Adams and the torpedo station had been given, the admiral and officers were favorably received at the Aquidneck House by Mayor Slocum, and afterwards driven about the city. A call was made upon Admiral Porter. The Bellerophon carries fifteen guns upon her upper deck as follows: — Two 6 1-2 tons, ten 12 tons, 9 inches, and three 6 1-2 tons, 7 inches. She is heavily plated, and attached to her bow she has a huge submerged ram, which would sink a vessel instantly were it to come in contact with it. This magnificent vessel is 7351 tons burden, and the power of her engine is 6521 horse power. Her sides are heavily plated, and from stem to stern she is a model craft, and everything is arranged in the most tasteful manner. Her crew numbers 750, and in addition she has a marine corps of 77 men and an excellent band of music containing 30 pieces. Her length is 300 feet, breadth 56 feet; depth of hold, 17 feet; and her draught of water is 56 feet, which will preclude her from going to New York, as intended, as she would not be able to go any further than Throgg's Neck.

[From the Boston Post.]

The President is credited with a little joke at the expense of the editorial profession. The people of Vineland, N. J., have been trying to secure the removal of Postmaster Landis, who, it will be remembered, lodged a bullet in Editor Carruth's brain. The President, upon hearing the matter, asked Jewell whether there was any irregularity in Mr. Landis's accounts. "Not any," replied the Postmaster General. "Is the office well conducted?" "No complaint on that score." "Intemperate habits?" "Nothing of the kind charged." "What is the objection?" "The petitioners say he is rather obnoxious, and that a change would be satisfactory." "Well," replied the President, "he doesn't appear to have done anything but shoot an editor, and I don't see how I can remove him on that."

THE AUGUSTA HOUSE. Quite a sensation has been created at the capital city by the closing of the Augusta House. It seems that the proprietor, Harrison Baker is in arrears for rent since last March and the owners have served a writ of forcible entry. Creditors have also seized the furniture, and the boarders have had to leave. The furniture was advertised for sale Thursday, but the U. S. District Court at Portland has granted an injunction stopping the sale until further orders, Mr. Baker having made application to secure the benefits of the bankrupt law. At present the hotel is closed and boarders and public await the termination of the legal contest which will decide its future management, says the Journal.

The Perils of the Trapeze.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24. The perils of the trapeze received another shocking illustration at a public entertainment here yesterday. A part of the programme at the matinee performance in Robinson's Hall was some trapeze feats by "The Casinos," a man and a woman. A large trapeze and a small one above and within it hung from the ceiling over the front of the auditorium, but no net was suspended beneath, as the law directs. When the time came for "The Casinos" to perform, they sprang out on the stage with the sprightliness that custom prescribes for athletic exhibitors. The woman was less than five feet in height, proportionately slender, and wore the ordinary dress of a male circus performer. The man was big and muscular, further dwarfing her by contrast. He climbed the rope to the trapeze, and then hoisted her after him. As she sat on the dangling bar by her brawny comrade, there was no trace in her of physical fitness for her task. Her bare arms were slim, her hands small, and it seemed to require her whole strength to lift herself on the trapeze. The man, hanging by his hands or feet, swung the woman below him in various attitudes, and after they had executed several of the usual performances and were taking breath on their perch, the woman said something to the man and he replied with a gesture that betokened vexation. One of the dancing girls afterward said that the woman had previously asked him to omit the feat next in order, as she was afraid of falling, and that their talk was a repetition of the request and a refusal. Her face wore a pouting expression for an instant, and then, as though recalling the presence of the people, she smiled mechanically and kissed her hand. The man, without moving from his sitting posture on the bar, clasped one of the woman's ankles as she stood at the other side of the centre rope of the trapeze. Then she threw herself forward, and he simultaneously slipped from the bar. His feet should have caught the suspending ropes at their junction with the bar; but they did not catch. There was no stoppage of the fall at the proper point, and they went heads foremost to the floor, striking it with a heavy impact that jarred the building. The man hit on the back of his head, and then lay limp and senseless. The woman fell on her side, and drops of blood came out of her mouth as she, too, lay unconscious. An usher took up the little woman and carried her out, and several spectators followed with her comrade. A physician was summoned hurriedly, and after an examination he said that one of her legs was broken, and internal injuries were feared. It was tho't, however, that both might survive the terrible fall.

The Texas Calamity.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, SEPT. 24. The members of the Legislature voted a day's pay for the sufferers on the coast, amounting to $447. The citizens of Austin held a mass meeting, with the Mayor presiding, and raised $300 in ten minutes, and appointed relief committees. Appeals for help come from the whole coast. Passengers by trains report additional disasters to the cotton crop. The loss of stock by drowning will be immense. The damage at San Antonio is confined to vegetation. All traces of the storm are being obliterated in Houston, and the city wears a cheerful aspect. Trade is improving. Passengers who left San Antonio Saturday, report that the forests along the route looked as if the leaves had been whipped off by switches, and the grass and herbs rolled up as if fire had crossed over them. It was worse at Kingsbury, from Eagle Lake to West Bernard still worse, and thence the scene beggars description. Bridges and culverts were gone, the track torn up and washed away by the wind and water for seventeen miles. The repairing forces worked knee deep in the water. From West Bernard to within fifteen miles of the Brazos the destruction was terrible. The Brazos bottom looks as if a thousand wood-cutters had been felling trees for months.

Adjutant General Steele telegraphed to the Secretary of War, asking if subsistence could not be issued to the coast sufferers. The reply was 't could not. Mr. Barron, of Barron's Island, San Jacinto Bay, who was reported lost, was rescued from a tree by a skiff. His son is still missing. Mrs. West and child are thriving. She and her husband kept the light near Hog Island and lost everything. The ladies of Houston are caring for them. Great apprehension is felt for families not heard from within eight miles of the coast on Bernard river some of whom have relatives in Houston.

The town of Cedar Lake was washed away and the people all lost.

WESTERVELT. The scenes in the Philadelphia court-room on Monday, when Westervelt was found guilty of the conspiracy with Mosher and Douglas in the abduction of Charlie Ross, were of peculiar interest. The counts upon which Westervelt was acquitted charged him with kidnapping and harboring, and concealing the child after the kidnapping. The three upon which he was convicted are the conspiracy counts, and are the third, fourth and fifth in the bill of indictment. The third charges him with conspiracy to kidnap; the fourth with conspiring to extort money by means of threatening letters; and the fifth with conspiring to defraud the child of its liberty. The prisoner appeared greatly unnerved when brought into Court. He looked weary and haggard and his swollen eyelids showed long continued weeping. His wife came in with the two children before the jury gave in their verdict. As he kissed her and the two little children his fortitude gave way, and he burst into tears. Mrs. Westervelt stood by the dock for a few minutes, holding him by the hand both weeping silently; she then left the court-room, feeling that she could not endure the final ordeal. When the verdict was pronounced, the prisoner, who had bowed his face in his hands as soon as he lost sight of his family, sobbed and cried like a child. The verdict pronounced by the jury is universally admitted to be in accordance with the law and the evidence and at last it is known that, while the two principal scoundrels in this infamous crime have been snatched by violent deaths from the clutches of the law, the accomplice who conspired with them to steal Charlie Ross from his home has been slowly tracked and surely convicted of his crime. Whether he will reveal the whereabouts of the lost boy, now that the consideration of personal safety and freedom no longer seals his lips, remains to be seen.

THE MAINE RESULT AT WASHINGTON. The Herald's Washington correspondent says: "The result of the election in Maine is looked upon by Republican politicians here as very unfavorable to the prospects of Mr. Blaine as a Presidential candidate next year. It is well known that a desperate effort was made by him and his friends to obtain a larger majority than was given a year ago, in the expectation that it would swell the tide of popularity and place him among the first in the front rank for the presidential contest. The large and unexpected Democratic gains have thrown a damper upon these hopes and given him a set-back which it will, it is thought, take some time to recover. Two parties are quietly jubilant over what they call his defeat—first, the administration men, who look upon him as an obstacle in the way of the third term; and second, the southern Republican extremists, who blame him for the failure of legislation in their interest at the last session of Congress. In view of the enormous gains of the Democratic party, the regret is everywhere expressed now that they did not go into the canvass more actively and carry the State, as it is agreed that, if a little more spirit and enthusiasm on their had been infused into the campaign, another State would in all probability have been taken from under Republican rule."

Fish Commissioner Stillwell is thinking of securing a pair of 20 pound salmon and a pair of 10 pound trout to be mounted for the Centennial. We understand that a gentleman has offered to secure the fish of the above weight if t is deemed best to send them. [Whig.

During the running race at Lexington, Ky., Friday, a horse left the track and run head foremost into a post, splitting his head and dying instantly.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1875.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
—BY—
WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS. In advance, $2.00 a year; within the year, $2.50; at the expiration of the year, $3.00.

ADVERTISING TERMS. For one square, (one inch of length in column,) $1.25 for three weeks, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square charged as a full one.

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Subscribers are requested to take notice of the date on the colored slips attached to the paper. It is the only form of receipt now used. For instance, 15 May 74, means that the subscription is paid to that date. When a new payment is made, the date will be changed to correspond, and SUBSCRIBERS ARE REQUESTED TO SEE THAT THEIR DATES ARE CORRECT. Subscribers in arrears are requested to forward the sums due

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We supposed, after reading the Republican Journal's article last week upon the Currency Question, and noting the strong arguments which it drew from history and experience against any attempts at resumption, that the position of the democratic party had been finally taken, and that the party in this State had seen new light since their State Convention, when they reaffirmed, with great emphasis, the old hard money doctrine of the party. The Journal begins by condemning the project of *immediate* resumption, and ends without advocating resumption at all, while it condemns the republican policy of resumption as far off as 1879, and draws a pathetic picture of the woes suffered by the people of England during the process of returning to a specie basis after it had been away from it a period twice as long as we have. In vain will its hard money democratic readers look through the article for any encouragement that their cars will ever again be delighted with the ring of a silver dollar. [Progressive Age.

We do not argue "against any attempts at resumption," nor is such an assertion warranted by anything we have said. We believe fully in a currency based on specie and redeemable on demand in coin, and we desire such a currency as soon as it can be had without too great a cost. What should be deprecated and avoided is a rash and unwise contraction of the currency at a time when the country is unprepared for it. That disaster and ruin would follow such action is certain. There is no safer and surer guide than experience. We endeavored to show that England, rich and prosperous as she is, could not suddenly contract her currency and resume specie payments, after a much longer period of suspension than we have experienced, except at a fearful price. The picture was not overdrawn. Turn to the history of English resumption in Appleton's Cyclopedia, and the story of business suffering will there be found summarized in these words—"This was not, however, accomplished without being highly disastrous to many of the most important interests of the country." Those few words are important for the people of the United States to consider. We say THE PEOPLE—not the bankers, the brokers, the lawyers, and those who profit by financial disturbances—but the people, in whose hands the whole matter lies, and who will not allow themselves to be cajoled. The money interest of the country enriched itself through inflation and suspension of specie payments, and the people will be themselves to blame if they permit the same class to profit by a sudden reversal of the machinery of finance.

The irredeemable greenback is not a child fathered by the Democratic party. They opposed its unlimited issue, opposed suspension of specie payments, and the making of paper legal tender. When Mr. Justice Clifford drew the opinion that the act making paper legal tender was illegal, and the majority of the Supreme Court concurred with him, it was regarded as a triumph of Democratic principles. The Democratic mind did not comprehend the justice of the law which compelled the citizen to take greenbacks in payment of his private debts, and refused them at the Custom House in payment of duties—that is, standard gold for the government, and depreciated paper for the people. When a Republican Congress re-organized the Supreme Court, and a Republican President appointed new judges to reverse the legal tender decision, and who did reverse it, the Democrats recognized in the act a partisan trick that made a football of the highest tribunal of the country, and was discreditable to the government. Whatever new cheat the party of the administration may be contriving, the Democracy do not mean to be its subservient tools, though it cry out never so lastily for resumption and specie.

Resumption is a word easily spoken, but it means a good deal. It is one thing to resume specie payment, and another to maintain it. The latter is by far the more important. Only by the most careful and intelligent promotion of the business interests of the country can this be done. The immense amount of bonds held abroad is a constant drain upon the specie of the country to care for, which even the vast productiveness of the mines and industries of the country are strained to meet. Stagnation in business, a check on the productiveness of the country, or the consequences of a mistake in the administration, may create a clamor for suspension again, and our last condition be worse than the first. Do you think this apprehension without foundation? Let us again recur to British finances, and quote an excellent authority on the management of the Bank of England—

Since 1821, the bank has been oftener than once on the verge of a suspension of payments, *owing to foreign drains of gold.* * * * * * Both in 1847 and 1857, on the possible suspension of payments by the banking department, owing to the reduction of its reserve, being apparent, the government of the day took the responsibility of authorizing the bank to lend additional notes, *not represented by gold.*

If we had the government in the condition in which the Democrats left it, with no immense drain of gold to foreign countries, there might be confidence in resuming and maintaining resumption, despite all contingencies. We believe that before the country can be made ready for such a condition, there must be the certainty of a Democratic administration to carry out the necessary preliminary measures, by cutting off expenditures, promoting the industries of the country, developing its resources, and infusing confidence into the whole people. But while the reign of Republicanism lasts, we must endure its consequences, and among them a depreciated currency, dishonored and refused at the counter of every Custom House in the country.

Household Suffrage.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

If we were to say that there is a foreboding of the ultimate result of universal suffrage in this country, we would not be far from expressing a general if not universal conviction; and if we were to say also, that, threatening as universal suffrage may become, it is impossible to recall it, it would be an expression of another general conviction. Universal suffrage is the logical product of free government, and when once conceded, cannot be withdrawn, no matter what frightful mischiefs it may yield in the negro communities of the South, or in the dense municipal communities of the North. No proposition has ever been made to limit suffrage, and none ever will be made; the subject comes up in committees, in state constitutional conventions, and is privately discussed; but no one ever rises in a constitutional convention and openly proposes to disfranchise any class of persons now enjoying the right of voting. It is universally admitted that such a thing is not to be entertained—not even in New England, where an alien irruption is usurping the authority of the old Puritan stock—not even in South Carolina and Mississippi, where the African is gradually seizing the power and the plantation of his former master—not even in New York city, where so much wealth is at the mercy of classes who own nothing but the almighty ballot. If the excesses of universal suffrage are to have a remedy it must be sought for outside of universal suffrage; it must be found in some neutralizing conservative agency. This is the argument of Mr. Doolittle in his address at the Winnebago county fair, and it is curious to note that in his search for such a conservative agency, he comes back to that primitive, patriarchal institution which others before him have pointed out as the first originator and the last conservator of human society—the family. Mr. Doolittle proposes to let manhood suffrage stand as it is, but to erect household suffrage as a barrier against it. He would allow men to vote still, in right of their manhood, but he would allow the family a vote also, in right of its being the integer of society. Every house-holder, whether married or single, should have two votes, one for himself and another for his household, the latter being intended to protect the interests of morality, virtue and property represented by the family, against the unstable, revolutionary tendencies and excesses of the class who have no family ties to restrain them. It is argued that the man of family should have two votes because he represents always two persons, and generally more; because he has double the stake in good government that the single man possesses; because he is better educated in the needs of society, and because he possesses an experience in the art of government that the single man does not. Besides this, household suffrage would give an indirect representation to one moiety of the population now unrepresented in government—all the women and children in the country; it would reduce the redundant influence which party politics now exerts in public affairs, for, as there is no politics in the household, there would be, theoretically, no partyism in its vote, it would give increased dignity and authority to the family, and thereby encourage marriages—a consideration of no small importance, for, as the Wisconsin orator says: "A republic does not consist of houses and furniture, porticoes and public places; but of men and women in happy independent homes." In the Roman republic husbands and fathers had extensive privileges; the consul who had the most children was first to receive the badge of office, and had the choice of the armies and the provinces; the senator who had the most children had his name written at the head of the catalogue of senators, and was the first to give his opinion; if a citizen had three children he was entitled to many small exemptions; a married man could stand sooner for office, and every child gave him a year's dispensation from disqualifications. All these things mentioned by Mr. Doolittle are worthy of attention; but there is one very important fact in favor of the aggrandizement of the household which he does not mention; the most formidable foe to society all over the world is communism, and the institution whose overthrow communism ultimately aims at is the family. It openly declares that marriage which gives to the husband exclusive possession of one woman, and to a wife exclusive possession of one man, and to man and wife exclusive possession of their children, is a monopoly which must be abolished with all other forms of personal proprietorship; that the sacred character of his wife is to be unknown in the coming commune; all women, as well as all goods, shall be held in common, and the children, now under allegiance to the family shall be the property of the state.

The existence of a growing power which boldly avows these shocking doctrines and designs against both the family and society is a strong incentive to the acceptance of any reasonable measures that promise protection. Whether household suffrage would afford such protection or not is a question that may not be answered without mature consideration; there is something to be said against it as well as for it; but, at least, its apparent reasonableness entitles it to reflection at a time when all minds are looking for a remedy for evils which all minds recognize.

We have fallen upon terrible evil times, in the matter of temperance. Here were the radical papers of Maine flaunting at their heads the awful charge against General Roberts of not being reliable on the temperance question—and yet he made a very large gain in the popular vote. And only last Friday the Portland Press, organ of the self styled temperance party, made the following serious charge concerning a high official of the total abstinence party—

A responsible gentleman of Hallowell, informs us that Secretary of State Stacy was recently arrested in that city for drunkenness and disturbance. A ten dollar note quieted the affair.

The Kennebec Journal denies the story, and it is reported that the Press will be sued for libel. The latest telegram states that Stacy had resigned, and that Ex-Governor Perham had been appointed to his place. It was only last spring, we believe, that the saint who tended the bung-holes of the abstinence rum shop at Portland was detected in fraudulent practices, and was compelled to bid adieu to his kegs and demijohns. Thus, "one by one the roses fall."

—The press comments on our late election, outside of the "organs," may all be boiled down into these words: The result indicates the speedy redemption of Maine from radical rule, and the Blaine Presidential slate has been knocked into smithereens.

How is This?

It is claimed by the Republican party that many outrages have been committed on the negroes of the South in attempts at political intimidation, and that it has been necessary to enact strong laws and enforce those laws at the point of the bayonet in order to secure the rights of colored voters. At any rate, this has been the justification put forward for frequent use of the military. The Republican party has amended the constitution to give negroes the ballot, and passed a law inflicting penalties on those who control them in voting by threats of loss of employment. But there is no such special protection for white men.

We learn from a correspondent of the Rockland Opinion that Gen. Davis Tillson, who controls the granite quarries on Hurricane Island, assumed to do that to the white stone cutters in his employment which the law forbids the southern planter to do by the negroes that cultivate his cotton and rice fields. He controlled their votes by threats of loss of employment. It is charged that Gen. Tillson, a day or two before election, summoned the men in his employment to meet at the public hall, where he addressed them, and said:

"He would wish no man to vote against the dictates of his conscience—if there be such a thing as conscience in politics, which the speaker seemed to doubt—but the present was a crisis. In voting for his—Tillson's—interests his employees would be voting for their own interests, for he intended hereafter to have only men who would vote for his interests. It was for his interest that they should vote the Republican ticket—especially for Moses Webster. It had been charged that some of his men had voted Democratic last year, and he wished to show that it was a slander on *him.* Now his hearers had an opportunity to vindicate him, and those who did not do so must *keep away from him.* He didn't want that sort of men around him."

It is believed that these workmen, it voting freely, would have largely cast the Democratic ticket. As it was they voted 104 for Connor, and 4 for Roberts. The times are hard, employment is scarce, men with dependent families need their wages, and it is not surprising that such threats have their effect. But what a commentary on our boasted free government that its citizens employed on government work, for which the people pay, can be thus driven like slaves to do the bidding of a master! Fortunately the Democratic party, in its control of the House of Representatives, holds the purse strings of the nation, and we endorse the suggestion of the Bangor Commercial, that if the Administration connives at such outrages, the supplies should be cut off.

P. S. Just as the Journal is about to be put to press, we notice in the Bangor Commercial a letter from Gen. Tillson, in reference to the above matter, in which he says—

I simply wish to state that I did not say that "there was no such thing as conscience in politics," but the opposite. I did not in any manner, directly or indirectly, threaten to discharge any man who should not vote as I desired. On the contrary, I *distinctly* stated, last year and this, that no man should be discharged, punished or interfered with, for voting as he pleased; that I expected no man to vote with me, unless I could convince him it was best to do so. No man has been, and no man will be, discharged from these works for political reasons, so long as I control them. No man's politics or religion or nationality is inquired into or interfered with. The only preference given, is to honorably discharged soldiers, if competent workmen.

In justice to the writer we make this extract. But we fail to see the reason why Gen. Tillson, or any other employer, should gather his workmen and harrangue them on the subject of voting, and his personal interest in connection with their votes, unless the act be meant to imply a threat, it it does not express one. And the vote of 104 to 4 indicates that the men so understood it.

The fearful disasters which have befallen the towns on the coast of Texas are such as from the nature of things must occur, and against which it does not appear as though any provision can be made. The coasts of the Gulf of Mexico are low and peculiarly liable to overflow. Along the Texan coast there is only a ridge of sand to break the fury of the waves, and that is but a feeble barrier. Nor can man interpose, save at fabulous cost, a more durable defence against such storms as that recorded in our columns last week. It is more than nineteen years since the people of the Gulf coast were called upon to mourn the ravages of such a storm, and it may be years before they will have to encounter another like that just passed. On the 10th of August, 1856, a hurricane swept over a portion of the Gulf of Mexico, entirely submerging Last Island, one of the group of sand islands studding along the southern coast of Louisiana. The island was a favorite summer resort for planters and their families, and, when visited by the storm, had a temporary population of about four hundred souls, chiefly from adjacent parishes. Of this number more than half were drowned, and every building on the island was swept away by the fury of the storm.

"Words were tame
To tell how desolation breathed upon
The isle, and its inhabitants were gone."

The Prog. Age expresses alarm lest this paper is departing from the Democratic faith, in not favoring the immediate resumption of specie payment, at any and every cost. It need have no fear. We are pretty well in accord with the majority party of Waldo county. The Democracy of Maine resolved last June in favor of "steps toward specie payment, and no steps backward." That's good ground, and we stand on it. Whenever there is a chance to take a step towards specie, by clearing away some Republican obstruction, by all means let us do it. Let not the Age be alarmed about our condition.

On the other hand, should it not undergo a little self-examination to see how it accords with its own party? If we remember aright, the party has not always gone in the direction it pointed. The Age is strongly in favor of paying the bondholder in greenbacks, which idea the party declines to adopt. It preaches greenbacks, while the party talks gold. The party in Maine resolves for prohibition, while the Age denounces the law. On one principle it opposed the re-election of Hale, and on another the appointment of Barnabas to the collectorship, but the party put them in. And now it quietly accepts them both. But enough. It compares this paper to the man in the circus that turns many somersaults, while it has itself been going around like a whirligig.

The virtuous Delano, Secretary of the Interior, has resigned. His letter to that effect is dated July 5th, but the President accepted it only last Wednesday. In his reply says he believes that the Secretary has fulfilled every public trust confided to him with ability and integrity. It is believed that the President is the solitary instance of such remarkable credulity.

—Prof. Tice's storm, due on or about the 22nd, was a little behind time in this section, but it came finally.

The Portland Press says that the success of the State Fair held near that city last week, has not been such as was anticipated, but thinks that the depression of business has been the principal cause. The department of manufactured goods, the Press says, was a failure. The aggregate receipts are several thousand dollars less than last year.

We published last week the figures of the Kennebec Journal, showing a majority for Connor over Roberts of 4,775. The Bangor Commercial, however, doubts their correctness, and points out four errors which when corrected reduce Connor's majority 922. The real majority it is believed will be inside of four thousand.

We notice by the New York papers that the President has appointed C. P. Kimball of New York to fill a vacancy in the centennial commission of that state, in place of Marshall, resigned. Mr. Kimball it will be remembered, was President of the Maine commission, until his removal to New York vacated the position.

—Knox County has now lost beyond all hope of recovery the proud distinction she once enjoyed of being the only Democratic county in the state. [Rockland Opinion.

Yes, the family is having a healthy increase—but it ought never to be forgotten that even in the darkest and most despondent days, Knox kept her watch-fires burning and preserved the traditions of the true faith.

—The E. P. Walker fire company of Vinalhaven has published a challenge to the Eureka Co., of Hudson Mass., to play them at Portland, on or about the 6th of October, for $1000 a side. The Walkers mean business, and won't be humbugged or cheated. A despatch says the Eurekas have accepted.

—Suppose that, while Seth L. Milliken is telling the Ohio republicans how fields are won, some inquisitive brother should arise in the vast audience and ask the orator to explain the Maine election? How would Seth get around it?

—There will be fun in the Democratic caucus at Washington when they undertake to find a man who will be acceptable alike to Ohio and to New York as a candidate for Speaker. [Portland Press.

But there's more fun in seeing a House with the power to elect the nominee—besides being something new.

—They have now exhumed the prediction of a deceased French weather prophet, that cold winters come in groups, and that another one is near. The philosopher himself has gone to a warmer climate.

—Ben Butler has subsided politically, to the great satisfaction of a majority of his brother Republicans, who have often been led to exclaim, about convention time:

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been
(Ben)."

—The Light Artillery reunion, in Portland on Thursday, was an interesting occasion. An organization was perfected, and speeches made by Col. A. W. Bradbury and Gen. Hall.

—Garters handsomely embroidered, edged with lace and fastened by gold and silver clasps, are said to be fashionable. We haven't seen any of them. [Belfast Journal.

Swear to that? [Rockland Opinion.

No—only affirm.

—Advice to republican papers:

Put away the little rooster,
Never mind your display-heads;
Blaine and Morrill aren't enthused, or
Maine a theme for double-leads.
Come to meet California.

—Burt is triumphant, and still reigns in the Boston post office. They reconsidered his case at Washington, and "endured, pitied and embraced." The administration is a mighty uncertain machine.

—A little radical irregularity—hardly worth mentioning in the vast amount—is the disappearance of the clerk in the Navy office at San Francisco, with $200,000.

—The witty Proctor Knott is a member of the new Congress. We shall probably hear something further from him on the subject of Duluth.

—Had the democrats carried the State by 5000 what would they have called it? [Rockland Free Press.

It isn't best to name a child until it is born. Wait till next year.

—New York is ahead of Maine this fall. The despatches say that a few flakes of snow fell there on Monday.

—And now Wyoming Territory has gone Democratic. The ball keeps moving.

Buried in a Well.

The details of the frightful accident in West Springfield Wednesday night, when Mr. Lester Sykes was buried alive in a newly-made well, are of a painful and thrilling description. Mr. Sykes was a professional well-borer, and was secured to pierce the bottom of a well thirty-seven feet deep to obtain a water supply. The bottom of the well was of quicksand, a curbing of plank backed by straw extending nearly to the bottom and to within 21 feet of the top, the rest of the upper part being gravel and requiring no curbing. Sykes had bored but a little way before the treacherous quicksand began to move, and he started to ascend from a depth of 37 feet by a ladder; but the incoming timbers caught him immovably.

It was then about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the call for help immediately after the accident occurred was quickly responded to, and every effort was made to rescue him. He was not painfully pressed by the earth and timbers, while a small pipe, which had been driven down to him, admitted abundant air and allowed of converse with the people above ground. It was found impossible to do anything in the well without speedily endangering the life of its prisoner, and so under the direction of Sykes, who reported that the pressure was from the southeast side, some fifty men who had assembled, began digging a semi-circular pit. Night coming on, a huge bonfire was kindled close by the well to furnish light for the toilers, and all night the work was continued by many willing hands. As the news spread, people kept flocking by horse and foot, until a crowd of two hundred had gathered about the spot, whence issued occasionally the faint voice of the unfortunate man asking particulars of the work above which so concerned him. The work continued resolutely until 3 o'clock Thursday morning, when Sykes failed to respond to the calls made to him, and the attempted rescue was given up for a time. When reached, it was found that the sand had pressed in and suffocated him.

Terrible Shipwreck.

LONDON, Sept. 27. The American ship Emily Southard, Capt. Wardsworth, last from St. John for Liverpool, was lost to-day on the Lancanshire coast between Formley and Crosby not more than 20 miles from Liverpool.

Capt. Orin H. Woodworth of Bowdoinham and his wife and all the crew except four men were lost with the Emily Southard. The ship was laden with deals from St John for Liverpool, and was insured $20,000. Her value with cargo was $60,000. She was owned by T. J. Southard. Her crew consisted of 19 persons. Captain Woodworth is the ninth sea captain from Bowdoinham lost within a year.

The Mayor of Galveston telegraphs that the people of Texas send up a general cry, "God Bless Boston," for her ready aid to the sufferers by the flood.

Generalities.

The attempted revolution in San Domingo proved a failure.

The estate of the late ex-President Johnson is valued at about $175,000.

The post-office at Dirigo, a few miles from South China, has been discontinued.

The Rockland Gazette says that the ladies of that city are moving to aid the centennial.

Thirty-seven foreign governments have so far sent in acceptances of Centennial invitations.

The Herndon House at Marshall, Michigan, was burned Friday morning. Four lives were lost.

It makes one's blood chill a little to realize that the mince-pie season is not over four weeks ahead.

Seventy-five thousand pounds is to be spent in mounting the fortress of Gibraltar with 38-ton guns.

The glory of spelling matches has so entirely gone out that not a single one is announced for the season.

An Indianapolis show-window displays three monster ears of corn, labelled "A Wail from Suffering Kansas."

Elkins, the Democratic candidate for delegate to Congress from New Mexico, is elected by nearly 2000 majority.

A thoughtful student of political economy has concluded that what this country really needs is a good five-cent cigar.

The Mail says that never have two more prosperous and busy years been known in Waterville than the past two.

A Cleveland medical journal propounds the query: "Has any physician ever seen or treated a bald-headed consumptive."

There are four or five cases of chills and fever at Hartford, the first known since the first settlement of the place, 240 years ago.

Mrs. Mary Cook of South Boston, was run over and instantly killed at Somerville station, on the Boston and Fitchburg Railroad.

The mother of little Mabel Young, the victim of the belfry tragedy, has lost her reason and is the inmate of a private lunatic asylum.

Talking of millinery openings, there is Mrs. Finch, of Rutland Vt. who has had but one bonnet in twenty years, and never complained.

It is hard to tell which will bring the most pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her that her baby is heavy or bread light.

A large ledge in East River, New York, which has inconvenienced the shipping, was blown out Tuesday, and a good channel opened.

Mr. George J. Varney, author of the Young People's History of Maine, has in preparation a new volume entitled, "Maine in the Revolution."

The Free Press says that the Rockland Savings Bank and the Lime Rock National Bank of Rockland have put chronometer locks upon their safes.

James Reed, of Rockport, aged 22 years, fell overboard from the schooner Alida, from Wiscasset for Boston, when off Portland light, and was drowned.

When they get the new dam built at Bangor it is expected that the water power of the Penobscot will be a dam's height better than now. [Boston Advertiser.

More white men are now at work on the plantations of Louisiana than at any time in the previous history of the State, and the crops, it is said, never looked better.

The Massachusetts Democracy have led trumps. Will the Republicans "trump over" or lose the trick? They must do one or the other. [Spring. Repub.

Frank Fitzgerald pointed a pistol at his sister at their home in Brooklyn. The funeral takes place to-morrow. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was accidental death.

The father of Charlie Ross recently informed a reporter that the Pinkerton Detective Agency had already expended $18,000 in "working up" the case, and broken down his health.

Schooners Florida of Surry, and Laura S. Watson of Sedgwick, both coal laden, went ashore on Chatham Bar, Cape Cod, in the storm Saturday night and will be a total loss.

A pupil in a certain school in Groton shot himself the other day in his hand during school hours. It was ascertained that four other boys in the same school had pistols in their pockets.

A telegram was received Thursday afternoon, by Hon. Edward O'Brien, announcing the drowning, at Callao, of Capt. Francis Mehan and his only son Clifton, of ship Alida. [Opinion.

The store, fish houses, wharves, etc., of Watson & Co., at Nickerson's Point, Boothbay, with contents, were totally destroyed by fire Friday night. Loss about $5,000; no insurance.

John McCabe, a lime rock teamster in Rockport, fell off his seat while intoxicated last Tuesday, the wheel passing over his head and body. He died Saturday. He leaves a wife and two children.

The Whig says that the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Godfrey, wife of Col. J. Frank Godfrey, of Los Angles, Cal., reached the friends of the deceased in Bangor by telegraph Wednesday afternoon.

At the inquest over the body of Priscilla Cunningham, a pauper found drowned in a mill-pond near Rockland, a dissenting juror made a separate verdict, declaring that in his opinion she came to her death by violence.

Longfellow, slightly pa

H. N. Lancaster and wife are preparing for a visit to California.

Several young men of the city have formed a rifle club, and have frequent practice.

Mrs. Merrill calls attention to the fall opening of millinery at her rooms, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Our fellow citizens W. F. Bean and Abner G. Gilmore varied their State Fair visit by a railway trip to the top of Mt. Washington, and got caught in a snow storm. Abner says it is no joke to get snow bound at a hotel where the charge is six dollars a day.

The annual Fair of the Waldo County Agricultural Society, it will be seen by the advertisement, will take place on the 11th, 12th and 13th of October. Efforts have been made to render the occasion one of interest, and it is hoped that the trotting and other novelties, as well as the agricultural display, will draw a large attendance.

THE ECLIPSE. The grand phenomenon of the heavens took place on Wednesday morning, promptly as predicted. The sky was cloudless, and everything favorable for observation. As the sun rose over the eastern hills, the dark intervening body of the moon was seen cutting with sharp outline the sun's disc. As it came above the horizon there was visible only a portion of the sun, like the new moon, with horns more elongated, and pointing upward. Gradually the crescent moved to the north, the horns tending southward, and showing nearly the whole of the body of the moon, relieved against the flaming orb of the sun. The apparent motion of the moon to the northward and off from the sun continued, the crescent becoming broader, and the horns pointing downward, until the obscuration ceased altogether at about half past seven. The sunlight was dulled and subdued, something that was like twilight, but giving an unnatural and ghastly hue to nature. No one could observe the spectacle without a vivid sense of awe at the sublime sight, and of admiration of the power of Him who had given to the planets their paths in the heavens, and appointed to the stars their courses.

In 1887 this eclipse will occur again, and every eighteen years and about ten days thereafter, every time passing over the earth some sixty miles farther south, and will finally pass off the earth at the South Pole, after having appeared seventy-seven times from its appearance at the North Pole, occupying 1,238 years. After this it will not touch the earth, but will take place in space till after the lapse of 12,492 years, when it will touch the earth again at the North Pole as before, to repeat the same cycle over and over again forever.

THE SCHOONER BRUTUS. It is feared that the crew of the schooner Brutus were all lost in the gale of Friday night, the 17th instant, as the schooner Henry Crosby, Captain Saunders, passed her that evening about 9 o'clock, some four miles southwest of Boon Island. The Crosby passed under the lee of the Brutus within about forty rods of her; and she appeared to be partly full of water, and as it was bright moonlight, Captain Saunders could plainly see five men standing upon her deck, who were making signals, shouting and blowing their fog horn; but he could not heave to, or render them any assistance, as it was very rough, the wind blowing heavily from the WNW, his vessel being disabled by the loss of her mainsail. The Brutus hailed from Islesboro' and was mostly owned by Captain Babbidge, who commanded her. [Bangor Whig.

Since the above was in type, the following account of a rescue has come to hand, in the shape of a statement from the shipwrecked men:"

Left Boston Friday, September 17, for Bangor, vessel in ballast. Experienced a heavy gale from the WNW, same night, which lasted until about 12 o'clock, Saturday. When about ten miles SSE. from Boon Island, on Friday night the schooner sprung a leak, and at 11, same night, sunk; about five miles ENE. from the island. Took to our boat immediately, the sea running very high at the time, and it was with much difficulty that we kept our little craft from swamping. We set signals of distress as soon as possible; several vessels passed quite near but seemed not to understand that we needed assistance, although in an open boat and a gale prevailing. After being in the boat for eighteen hours, and it half full of water all the time, the gale increasing and all hands bailing with anything that could be got hold of for that purpose, the Ship Defiance of Kennebunk, Captain Frank N. Thompson, hove in sight and answered our signals of distress. This was about 5 P. M., saturday, September 18. The ship lay to for an hour with her boat manned and ready to launch if we did not succeed in reaching them. Fortunately we were able to pull up alongside the ship, when we were all taken safely on board, and Captain Thompson and his officers and crew did all in their power to make us comfortable while on his vessel. Warm, dry clothes were exchanged for wet ones; hot coffee and provisions were supplied in abundance, and every attention to our wants was given. After being on the Defiance for seven days we were all landed in New York, from whence, through the kindness of Messrs. Henry W. Lord & Co., of that city, and the liberality of the Old Colony Railroad Company, the shipwrecked men were sent free to Boston. Mr. W. B. Hazeltine, agent for the Bangor and Boston steamers, furnished all hands a free pass to their homes in Maine. Both in New York and Boston we received the greatest care and attention from all with whom we came in contact, the crews of several vessels belonging to Islesborough and St. George, Me., contributing quite a sum of money for their fellow-mariners, for all of which Captain Babbidge and his crew return their most grateful thanks.

The following is a list of the crew: Stephen Babbidge of Islesborough, captain; Avery Gilley, of same place, mate; Pius F. Babbidge of Gilldown and Melville Young of Bangor, seamen.

Captains Babbidge and Gilley, both old seamen, say they never experienced worse weather than that during their late unfortunate voyage. The vessel was owned one-half by Captain Stephen Babbidge and the other half by his brother, Captain E. G. Babbidge, of the schooner Mary Eliza, neither of whom had any insurance on their interest, and thus lose all they had in her. The crew saved nothing except what they stood in.

SEARSMONT. We notice in several sections of the town extensive agricultural improvements. Large tracts of old waste lands, barren from time immemorial of aught but bushes and weeds, have recently had a visitation from the plow and the harrow, are fitted to use thereon the "Meadow King," or some other favorite harvester of Maine's great staple product, and now promise an ample income for the investment. We wish that many others might see how much of the wealth of the country lies hidden in old barren pastures, waiting for a little energetic thrift to open up a source of income surpassing in richness any of the recent gold discoveries of our State.....Symptoms are prevalent that the Grange fever is about to break out with us. Prevailing extensively in an adjoining town, some of our good citizens are being inoculated by contact.....Six leaden pills, neatly prepared and packed in the chambers of a revolver, are now prescribed by Dr. Safety as a sure remedy for the extermination of sneak thieves and tramps. A dose ready prepared is now being carried in the pockets of some of our good citizens, ready for any emergency.

Serious difficulty is threatened by the mill operatives at Fall River, Mass. There has been dissatisfaction with the rules and pay for some time past, with strikes by those employed. The various efforts at adjustment have thus far failed. Disturbances of the peace have occurred, and the offenders are under arrest. In Boston a sympathetic meeting of labor reformers has been held, in which inflammatory speeches were made.

Before the Maine election the Boston Journal thought it would "reflect the broad, permanent political influences of the times," even more fairly than that in Ohio, inasmuch as there were no "limited or temporary issue to interfere with the unmistakable purport of an old-fashioned Republican triumph." Since the returns the Journal finds that national issues were not at all involved, and "the election turned quite naturally on local issues." Sich is organs. [Boston Herald

A Calais correspondent writes us that Hon. F. A. Pike is not an Independent, but a Democrat. He has voted the straight Democratic ticket for three years, and was nominated for Representative by a regular Democratic caucus. [Bangor Commercial.

John Miller, of Harpswell, who shot his son for interfering to save his mother from his father's violence, plead guilty and was sentenced to State Prison for life, the Court having determined it to be murder in the second degree. Anthony Bundy was sentenced to state Prison for seven years for assault with intent to murder.

Observations of Men and Things.

BY OUR GEORGE.

Our State Fair. The ladies of Maine.

It requires some study to always be able to be the last one in church.

Will some one rise and explain why it is that one invariably falls over a chair when he goes into a dark room?

If anyone is disposed to find fault with the price of potatoes, let him sit on a fence and see a farmer break up an acre of new land.

It is not always city people who make mistakes. An error of judgment sometimes occurs in the rural districts. A party of gentlemen having occasion to drive into the country engaged the livery stable hack to take them out. As they were passing by a house the door was opened and an ancient female appeared in the hole and yelled out, "Here—you—hello I say—mister—who did the hearse come out to get?"

As a matter of beauty the calf of one's leg may look better where it is, but for real convenience it would save a good many barked shins if the lower part of the leg were turned half round.

It was raining and he came home tight, stumbling into his room he sat down on the edge of the bed and soliloquised thus: "Feet wet, tight boots, a sore on one hand an' a felon on t'other, and no boot-jack in my house. Sings got to be dif'rent. E'ther I mus' get married, else get a boot-jack, whisnall I do?"

The papers seem to be in a sort of mixed state as to whether the New York girls wear silver buckles on their gaiters. We propose to settle this thing by going on there and seeing for ourselves—we beg pardon—finding out we should have said.

CONCERNING APPLE STEALING. There was quite a little circus up on Congress Street a few days since. There were no colored posters out, and no canvas spread, but nevertheless there was quite a performance, and although it was not advertised in our columns, and notwithstanding the fact that we had no passes to the show, we propose to give it a free notice, with no hope of a future reward. In the rear of a certain house in that locality is a nice orchard, consisting of a variety of choice trees which have been reared from small twigs to large bearing trees. These trees are the pet of the owner and his wife, and they delight to meander out and gaze at the branches, loaded down with nice large apples, and think of the comfort they will take this fall, picking some fifty barrels by hand, and occasionally sorting the same over through the winter, and they go into calculation regarding the amount of cider they will make and the apple sauce they will stew. This orchard is surrounded by a picket fence, not very high, but high enough so a cow will not fall over it. A week since, as Mrs. (let us say, Jones) was gazing out of the barn window, she noticed that one of her trees seemed to be bearing a new variety of fruit, for four boys were grafted onto the limbs, and were sampling those apples preparatory to the codic. Did she stick her head out of the window and yell at them to leave? Not a bit of it. She didn't have on any "quilt back," and just raising her dress so that she could trot square, she danced out of the door, and made for that tree. One of the boys, who seemed to have an eye in the back of his head, saw her, and opening his mouth and hands at the same time, he said, "here she comes," when he lit on the ground followed by the rest, and was going over that fence as though he was propelled by the Keeler motor. Now climbing a picket fence is not exactly a science, but it needs practice to do it well and quickly. Three boys went over it successfully, but the fourth didn't connect. He got to the fence, grabbed the top of the pickets, put a knee on the top rail, pulled himself up and stood erect for a moment, then lost his balance and swayed backward, clutched at the air, but it tore and didn't hold him, and over the fence he went, all put one foot, which slid down between two pickets and held him as securely as though a rolling mill had fallen on him. Just as he fell a small hand, like a white dove fluttered down on the seat of his trowsers, and a woman's voice slid these words into his ear: "Sonny, I want to interview you for a few minutes," and then the slack of the trowsers was taken up, and the lad was raised and stood on his feet. He said he was so bashful that he didn't care to talk with strangers, but she seemed to think he would get over his diffidence, and said "Did you ever hear the song, 'When the tide comes in?'" He said, "No." She told him that perhaps he never would, but that he could "come in and be tied," which would answer the same purpose, and she led him into the barn and crocheted a belt cord round him, and fastened the end of it to a post, and left him so that he couldn't have brushed a fly from his nose with his hands, if he had been worth a million dollars. Then by that persuasive way that only a woman has, she made him tell his name and that of the other three boys, and as the little tears welled up into his eyes and looked over the edge of the lids, lost their balance and fell down onto his cheek, her heart began to soften, and she was just about to unloose the belt cord, when the rest of her, we mean Jones, made his appearance on the scene, and inquired, "What in thunder she had got Jimmy Green tied to that post for?" "Jimmy Green—Jimmy—Green, did you say?" she gasped, "and I was just going to let him go. Oh the little wretch, he told me his name was Adam Cross—and he was sorry—and he cried—and I almost let him go, but I didn't, and I'll send him to State Prison for eight hundred years just as true as my name is Susan Jones." She took hold of one of his ears and pulled it a little, just to see if it's as false as he was. Then Jones propounded a few questions to him, and got a corrected list of the other boys, and then wiping his nose and clearing his throat Jones said—"James, my lad, so you told Mrs. Jones your name was Adam Cross. You are nearer the truth than you imagine, for in my humble opinion you are Adam Cross between a liar and a thief. James, don't you know that stealing and lying are two grievous sins, especially when you get caught? Probably you are the apple of your father's eye, but those in your pocket, and in the breast of your jacket, and down the legs of your pants, and in the seat of your little trowsers, are the apples of *my* eye, and I will proceed to fish them out of your clothes, for they give you a bloated appearance. Apple thieves, are no new invention. They date back to the Eve of creation—we read in the Bible that they 'Adam then, but apples were not worth $5.00 a barrel in those times, besides freight and carting. Neither were they grafted fruit, and the borer didn't nibble at the roots thereof, and the caterpillar ate not the leaves, but the culprits were snaked out of the orchard in a Devil of a hurry, while now they are taken before the Police Judge, and are fined $20, and

two months in jail; and two months there would debar you from seeing the cattle show, and you would hardly get out in season to get your skates strapped for the first ice. I am a believer in capital punisament, and I shall send word to your pa that I think a capital punishment for you, will be to beat the dust out of your trowsers with a section of a barrel hoop. I will notify the other lads, and at 7 o'clock to-night we will have a meeting of the creditors at my door step, and decide as to how much you can pay on a dollar. Now you may go." And like

"The dove let loose in Eastern skies
Returning fondly home,"

so vanished that boy, and he shot into space with the rapidity of a buckwheat cake into a hungry man's mouth. In response to the invitation, at seven o'clock there assembled on a pair of front steps three boys and two fathers and the proprietor of the orchard, who looked as stern as the hind end of a thousand ton ship. One by one the boys rose to explain how it was. One was absent minded, and didn't know but what he was at home up in one of his own trees till he saw Mrs. Jones coming, and then he remembered where he was. Another didn't come to steal apples, but wanted to get up in a tree on high land, so as to have a good view of the bay. The third lad had no father, he was a half orphan. If he had had a father to give him advice, he never should have been there. Here Jones interrupted by saying that he "would give him some advice, and that was, never to come in his garden again, if he didn't want his blasted neck wrung." "But I miss James from this gathering," said Jones; when one of the boys said that James was in no condition to sit on a hard step, as his parent had been fondling him with a greenhide, and he wished to be excused from attending the meeting. Finally, Jones made them all a little speech, in which he filled the air with moral precepts, and law, and fines, and dim visions of the State Reform School, and clearer views of the County Jail, and a fine chromo of the Police Court; and finally the meeting broke up with a grand bawl, and there was a confused sound of blowing of noses and sighs, and Mrs. Jones, who was peeking out through the blinds, says that by the way the white handkerchiefs were futtering she thought the President was going by; and then Jones says—"Well, boys, I forgive you this time, but the next boy I find in my orchard I'll cut him up in such small pieces that he can be all sifted through a fine seive." This little episode is as true as the Battle of Bunker Hill, and every one of those who took part in the skirmish are alive and well to-day.

Massachusetts Democratic State Convention.

The Massachusetts Democrats met at Worcester on the 22d. A larger or more enthusiastic gathering of the party representatives was never held in the State. Hon. Edward Avery was made permanent President, with the usual list of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. The President took the platform and made a ringing speech. He said—

A Democrat, the nominee of a Democratic convention, occupies the Executive chair of our Commonwealth, five Democratic nominees for Congress have received certificates of election, and we only await the assembling of Congress to see the sixth, now unjustly deprived of his right, take his seat; and we no longer exclaim, as we meet each other—"Watchman, tell us of the night," but "Brother, hail the new born day" [Applause.] We are all aware that this happy result was attained by the aid of a large body of our fellow citizens who, desiring a good government in the State, having become tired of the mismanagement and narrow policy of Republican administrations, had the courage, the independence to break away from party drill and discipline, and cast their votes for the best men and the best principles. While, therefore, I extend to you a joyous welcome, I greet them, on your behalf, with sentiments of gratitude and esteem. You and they may well feel proud of the grand result, for notwithstanding the lugubrious prognostications of our opponents, Massachusetts, with Gaston in the chair of State, Tarbox, Thompson, Warren, Chapin, Banks, and Abbott in Congress, stands in the galaxy of States the peer of the brightest and the noblest. [Applause.] * * * * During the present year great and momentous events have transpired. Momentous as affecting us and our posterity. The mystic chords of hallowed memories have touched the hearts and purified the minds of the people of this nation. Not only within our own borders, but within the borders of other States, the people of different sections have gathered together, and forgetful of recent differences, antagonisms, passions, and strife, have renewed their allegiance to the great fundamental principles of American nationality and American unity. On battle fields enriched by the blood of heroes, around the graves of soldiers and sages, thousands and tens of thousands have reaffirmed the great creed of the fathers, that creed that planted the Colonies, that led men through the trials of ante-revolutionary life, that gave them courage to withstand the onslaught of England's trained battalions, that burst forth in the Declaration of Independence, that shaped and formed the system of government that they established, that lives in the deathless words of Jefferson, Adams, Otis, and Henry—that great creed, so grand and noble, now embracing every human creature in our land, that all men are equal, possessed of the same right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Under the spell of the recollections thus aroused by the noiseless footsteps of a dying century, passion and prejudice have rolled away as a cloud. Vivid accounts of "annual autumnal outrages" at the South no longer direct the attention of the people from the incapacity, mismanagement, or corruption of those in power. [Laughter and applause.] Men are beginning to discover that the blood is artificial and the agony manufactured, and with this discovery they seem ready to apply to the affairs of government the same judgment and common sense which rules their management of private affairs. With this change of tone and temper, with the restoration of reason in the domain of politics, this banishment of passion, prejudice, and fictitious horrors, begins a new era in the history of our country, and, unless we misapprehend the signs of the times, new life and vigor to the Democratic party; for it stands pledged to maintain the Constitution in all its provisions, to mete out equal and exact justice to all, irrespective of race, color, or creed, to uphold the local self-government and impartial suffrage, demanding for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order, and for each State self-government and for the nation peace, economy, an honest administration of its government, the sacred maintenance of the public credit, and the restoration of a sound currency. [Applause.] In short, it has the will and the capacity to administer the government in the spirit of love, honor, honesty, justice, and truth.

Gov. Gaston was renominated by acclamation. Hon. John K. Tarbox moved the nomination for Lieut. Governor of Gen. W. F. Bartlett, of Pittsfield, which was taken by rising, as I was unanimous. The nominations were then proceeded with until the State ticket was filled, which stands as follows—

For Governor—WILLIAM GASTON, of Boston.

For Lieutenant-Governor—Gen. WILLIAM F. BARTLETT, of Pittsfield.

For Secretary of State—GEORGE H. MUNROE, of Boston.

For Treasurer and Receiver-General—WESTON HOWLAND, of Fairhaven.

For Attorney-General—GEORGE F. VERRY, of Worcester.

For Auditor—JOHN E. FITZGERALD, of Boston.

THE PLATFORM.

Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, of the Committee on Resolutions, then reported the following platform and declaration of principles—

THE RESOLUTIONS.

The Democrats and Liberal Republicans of Massachusetts, assembled by their delegates in convention to consider the public exigency and organize for the great work of political reform, appealing to all honest men for co-operation in their efforts, declare and affirm as the basis of their action—

First—We reiterate the declarations comprehensively made by the National Convention at Cincinnati and Baltimore in 1872, accepting the recent amendments to the Federal Constitution as a full, final, and permanent adjustment of political controversies incident to the late war.

Second—We demand for the Union the support in full vigor of all its constitutional powers as the supreme authority, utterly repudiating all claim of right by any State to secede from the Union or to nullify its laws; and we demand for each State as equally inviolable the right to govern itself at its own option, subject only to the limitations and obligations of the Federal Constitution.

Third—In the interests of public morals, the nation's credit, and the common welfare, we oppose any further issue by the government of a currency inconvertible with gold—the world's recognized measure of values; and we favor a speedy return to specie payments as essential to the revival of the commerce, business, and credit of the country, and to the welfare of the laboring masses.

Fourth—We arraign the Republican party for its extravagant expenditures and profligate waste of the people's money; for its corruption; for its peculations; for its contempt of constitutional obligations; for its extortionate increase of sinecures and of the salaries of our public officers; for its oppressive, unjust, and defective system of taxation, finance, and currency, which have degraded public and private morality, and brought upon us the present depression in the commercial and industrial interests of the country; for its centralization of powers and its encouragement of monopolies and corporate corruption; for its continuance of incompetent and dishonest men in office, and for its general mismanagement of both State and Federal Governments.

Fifth—We view with alarm the increase in this Commonwealth, under Republican administration, of the public debt by prodigal appropriations for objects not demanded by the public interest. We denounce unnecessary taxation as a great crime. We demand a reduction of State expenditures, rigid economy, and the utmost limitation of the practice of mortgaging the industry of the future for purposes of doubtful expediency.

Sixth—The interests of capital and labor are identical, and any attempts to produce antagonism between the two must be injurious to both. We favor such legislation as will secure to both an open field and fair play, and to both equal rights and just rewards under the law.

Seventh—We congratulate the good citizens of the Commonwealth upon the removal of the odious prohibitory law from the statute books, and we confidently expect that the present law, with such modifications as experience shall suggest, will tend to promote public order and morality and the best interests of temperance.

Eighth—The Democratic party believe in government of the people by the people, for the people, and therefore oppose any Constitutional amendments which limit or restrict the election of public officers by the people.

Ninth—We take an honest pride in the cordial and enthusiastic approval by the people of the whole country, on the 17th of June, 1875, of the policy of reconciliation, peace, and fraternity advocated by the Democratic and Liberal Republican parties in 1872, and we welcome with especial satisfaction the assurance that that policy will be inaugurated by the administration to be placed in power in 1876.

Tenth—That our present Governor, by the wise and prudent execution of his high trust, the dignity and fairness which have distinguished his administration, has merited the approbation of the people, and we confidently point to his spotless record as the highest assurance that the continuance of the confidence reposed in him by this Convention will redound to the best interests of this Commonwealth.

Eleventh—We have the satisfaction to commend to this Convention Gen. William F. Bartlett, the gallant and modest soldier whose wounds received in the war have hardly ceased to bleed. The ability in civil life and the stern uprightness of his principles on all matters of public life and policy, make him peculiarly fit for the high office to which he has been nominated, and we delight to commend him to the people as one who has not sought the laurels of civil office, but on whom they have been spontaneously thrust by this Convention as a tribute to his merit.

Twelfth—This Convention commend to the people of this Commonwealth the upright and able gentlemen selected as candidates for the other State offices, in the confident belief that they will be found competent and honest in the trusts for which they have been nominated.

Geo W. Gill of Worcester, P. A. Collins of Boston, Josiah G. Abbott of Boston, and Edward Avery of Braintree, were elected delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

A man in Rochester, N. Y., bought a white horse recently that had a very white tail. To improve the looks of the animal he colored his tail black, but in a very short time the dye he put on turned blue. The horse was accordingly turned out into an open lot to see if sunlight would not change the blue to black. As soon as he had a chance to look around, the horse noticed for the first time that his tail was blue—first he switched it to see if it belonged to him, next he started on a run or gallop, at the same time kicking at his tail, switching it violently, finally he held it straight out behind so as to get it as far as possible from him. Thus he galloped around the pasture hither and thither, kicking and switching, and looking behind him, and he kept the circus up until he grew tired, and found he could neither run away from his tail, nor kick, nor switch it off.

Pills, Potions and Panacencies

LYON'S KATHAIRON prevents the Hair from falling out or turning gray, restores its growth, and gives strength and vigor. It is delightfully perfumed, and makes a splendid dressing. It is the cheapest and most desirable Hair Tonic ever produced. Used by the elite. Price only 50 cents. 1yr

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's a hiding of the sun.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS," and has proven that *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* is the remedy *par excellence* for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisic, sore throat, influenza, and "last, not least," consumption. 50 cts. and $1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

A somewhat illiterate Thomas street woman, having read in a poem about a simoon that "swept the plains," is urging her husband to get one o' them new-fangled things for her to use in her kitchen.

Kidney diseases, dropsy and all diseases of the urinary organs can be cured by the use o *Hunt's Remedy*. Thousands that have been given up by their physicians to die have been cured by *Hunt's Remedy*. Try it.

When a man has a home lot on which he cannot pay taxes he has a site too much.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &C.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &C.

These pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner SIXTH and ARCH STS., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

Stop That Cough.

No pulmonary complaint however obstinate, can resist the healing influence of DR. MORRIS' SYRUP OF TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HOREHOUND. Nothing that we have ever sold acts so promptly and effectually, in coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, asthma, and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest leading to consumption. It is a certain cure for WHOOPING COUGH and CROUP. Contains no opium and is pleasant to take. Cough worn victims whose lungs are racked and torn with paroxysms that threaten to choke them, find speedy relief in its use. Trial size 25 cents. Ask for Mr. Morris' Syrup. For sale by druggists. Sold by WM. O. POOR & SON Belfast, ALFRED HOOPER, Searsport, A. J. JORDAN, Orland, J. W. PERKINS & CO., Portland, General Agents. 1yr16

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal

BY SARGENT & BABCOCK, Nos. 8 Main Street.

Flour	$12.00@16.00	Corned Beef	10@11
Corn	70@75	Mutton	7
Corn Meal	70	Lamb	7@8
Rye Meal	$1.50	Turkey	18@20
Rye	$1.50	Chicken	18@18
Barley	60	Fowl	15@18
Oats	50@55	Geese	00
Beans	$1.00@2.25	Duck	00
Potatoes	40@45	Hay	$16.00@18.00
Apples	Cash 75	Straw	$7.00@8.00
Dried Apples	8@9	Washed Wool	41
Butter	28@28	Unwashed "	33
Cheese	16	Hides	6
Eggs	20	Calf Skins	12
Round Hog	10@11	Lamb "	50@75
Pork Backs	16	Hard Wood	$5.50@6.00
Lard	12@10	Soft "	$5.00@4.00
Beef	5@6	Shingles per ct.	75
Veal	5@6	Laths "	25
Dry Cod	6	Butter Salt	28
" Pollock	4	Plaster	$1.00@1.50

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Waldo County Bible Society.

The annual meeting of the W. C. B. Society will be held at the Unitarian Church on Sabbath evening, Oct. 3, 1875.

All are cordially invited.

Per Order of Executive Com.

WM. O. POOR, Sec'y.

PERSONAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all officers, sailors, and soldiers, wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late rebellion, however slightly, are entitled to a pension, and thousands of pensioners are entitled to an increased rate. Apply immediately through

DR. E. B. JACKSON,
Late Surgeon, U. S. Navy.
No. 1 New Chambers St., New York. spiyr

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

When you visit or leave the City of NEW YORK, save annoyance and expense of carriage hire and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite the GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT. It has over 350 elegantly furnished rooms and is fitted up at an expense of $900,000. Elevator, steam and all modern improvements. European Plan. The RESTAURANT is unsurpassed. Lunch Counter and Wine Rooms are supplied with the best the markets can furnish. The *cuisine* is unsurpassed. Rooms for a single person, $1,50 and $2 per day; rich *suites* for families proportionately low, so that visitors to the city and travelers can live more luxuriously, for less money at the GRAND UNION, than at any other first-class Hotel in the city. Stages and Cars pass the Hotel every minute for all parts of the City. G. F. & W. D. GARRISON, Managers. 1yrsp16

CONSUMPTIVES, TAKE NOTICE.

Every moment of delay makes your cure more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure for consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

Dr. Schenck will be at the Quincy House, Boston, on the following Wednesdays, from 9 to 3 o'clock: Jan. 13th and 27th, Feb. 10th and 24th, and March 10th and 24th. Consultations free; but for a thorough examination of the lungs, with the Respirometer, the price is $5.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters of advice must be addressed.

CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM.

PUBLISHED AS A WARNING and for the benefit of YOUNG MEN AND OTHERS who suffer from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF MANHOOD, etc., giving his rules of *Self-Cure*, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N. Y. spiny

MARRIED.

At Ctr. Lincolnville, Sept. 25, by Fred. B. Dunton, Esq., Mr. Charles A. Sylvester of Camden, and Mrs. Bulah A. Sylvester of Lincolnville.

DIED.

Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.

In this city, Sept. 21st, Carrie E. Spencer, daughter of Lewis C. and Susannah R. Smith, aged 23 years.

In Belfast, Sept. 27th, George Eben, infant son of C. R. and Susan H. Stevens, aged 5 weeks, 2 days.

In Lincolnville, Sept. 26th, Mr. John Dean, aged 80 years.

In Rockland, Sept. 18th, Mrs. Susan M., wife of S. J. Dean, aged 36 years.

In Montville, Sept. 23d, Thomas Cushman, aged 83 years.

In Searsmont, Sept. 13th, Clarissa, wife of George Morrill, aged 66 years and 7 months.

In San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 29th, Luther H. Laughton, aged 43 years and 3 months, formerly of Searsmont.

In Vassalboro, Aug. 30th, Mrs. Selina, wife of the late Capt. Daniel Weston, aged 86.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Sept. 22. Schs. Orion, Patterson, Boston; Martha Maria, Veazie, Bangor, to load for Wilmington, James A. Crooker, Brown, New York.

Sept. 24. Earl, Cunningham, Portland; Cathie C. Berry, Seavey, Rockland, to load for Charleston.

Sept. 25. Lillian, Ryan, Boston; Brig Charles Wesley, Colson, Bangor, to load for Charleston.

Sept. 26. Schs. Victory, Wilson, Portland; Rail Road, Webster, do; Cicero, Lawson, Hoboken.

SAILED.

Sept. 22. Schs. Alice R. Gardner, Gott, Savannah.

Sept. 23. Georgia, Whitney, Bangor; Annie E. Lewis, Lewis, Brunswick, Ga.

Sept. 25. Cathie C. Berry, Seavey, Charleston; Malabar, Welch, Bangor; Empire, Ryan, Searsport, to load for Boston; Gen. Meade, Holmes, Bangor.

American Hotel.

Main Street, Belfast, Me.

TUCKER BROTHERS, Proprietors

J. D. TUCKER. E. F. TUCKER.

Coaches to convey passengers to and from the cars and boats.

Sample Rooms free to guests.

Livery and Boarding Stable connected with the House.

Belfast, Sept. 23, 1875.—tf13

Boys' Underwear!

—AT—

H. L. LORD'S.

4w13

Millinery Opening!

Mrs. A. J. MERRILL

WILL HAVE HER

FALL OPENING

—OF—

Patterns, Bonnets and Hats,

AND OTHER NOVELTIES,

—ON—

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

Oct. 5 & 6, 1875.

1t13

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine.

In the matter of HIRAM W. THOMAS, Bankrupt. *In Bankruptcy.*

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss: At Belfast, the eighth day of September, A. D. 1875.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of Hiram W. Thomas, of Searsmont, in the County of Waldo, and State of Maine, within said District, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt upon his own Petition filed August 26th, 1875, by the District Court of said District.

3w13 WM. H. FOGLER, Assignee.

Rare Chance

—FOR A FEW—

Good Looking Young Ladies,

WHO POSSESS a fine voice, and would like to learn the business of a Lady Vocalist for the Variety Theaters. Altos and Sopranos, both desired. Best Instruction given and Wardrobe furnished to parties engaged. Business first-class. Address P. O. Box 3068, Boston, Mass. 1t13

Waldo Co. Agricultural Society.

The 28th Annual Exhibition of the

WALDO COUNTY

Agricultural Society!

Will be held at BELFAST, on

Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday,

October 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1875.

First Day, October 11.

FORENOON—Entrice of Stock, Horses, Produce, Fancy Articles, &c., for premiums.

AFTERNOON—2 o'clock, examination of Stock, and testing of draft Oxen, and reports thereon to the Secretary. 3 o'clock, trot of 3 years old Horses for County purse of $40. 1st, $26, 2d, $8. Half mile heats, best 2 in 3. Trot of 5 years-old horses for County purse of $20. 1st, $12, 2d, $8. Three or more to enter, two or more to start.

Second Day, October 12.

FORENOON—9 o'clock, examination of horses other than trotting and draft. 10.30 o'clock, purse of $5 to the man driving horse, to wagon or sulky, around the track, stopping and getting out of, and into his carriage three times, in the least time, not to exceed two minutes.

AFTERNOON—2 o'clock, election of officers. 2.30 o'clock, examination of domestic manufactures, articles and produce, and reports thereon to the Secretary. 3 o'clock, trot of 4 years old horses for County purse of $40. 1st, $26, 2d, $8. Half mile heats, best 2 in 3. Trot of 3 year-old horses for County purse of $30. 1st, $20, 2d, $8. Half mile heats, best 2 in 3. Trot of 2 year-old horses for County purse of $20. 1st, $12, 2d, $8. Three or more to enter, two or more to start.

Third Day, October 13.

FORENOON—9 o'clock, testing of draft horses. Any horse in the county challenged to contend with Mr. D. L. Pitcher's horse "Bolivar." 10 o'clock, walking horses, to harness, for purse of $10. 1st, $5, 2d, $3, 3d, $2. Half mile heat. Three or more to enter, two or more to start. Entry fee, $1. 11 o'clock, running horses, to saddle, for purse of $8. 1st, $5, 2d, $3. Half mile heats, best 2 in 3. Three or more to enter, two or more to start. Entry fee, $1.

AFTERNOON—2 o'clock, trot of 2.42 class and sweepstakes horses. Purses guaranteed.

No. 1. Purse of $175.00 for 2.42 class. $100, $50, $25.

No. 2. Purse of $225.00, open to all. $125, $100, $50.

The above purses are to be trotted for under the National Rules, best 3 in 5, to harness, mile heats. Four or more to enter, three or more to start.

A horse distancing the field will be entitled to first money only. Entrance fee, ten per cent., must accompany nominations in all cases, and be paid to the Secretary of the Society. Entries close, October 4th, at 9 o'clock, P. M. No conditional entries received.

Admission to ground, 1st and 2d day, each 25 cts. Third Day, 50 cts. Carriages and seats free.

Belfast, Sept. 29, 1875. 2w13

DURANGS RHEUMATIC REMEDY

Will most positively cure any case of rheumatism or rheumatic gout, no matter how long standing, on the face of the earth. Being an inward application it does the work quickly, thoroughly and permanently, leaving the system strong and healthy. Write to any prominent person in Washington City, and you will learn that the above statement is true in every particular.

CONDENSED CERTIFICATES.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 2, 1874.

Messrs Helphenstine & Bentley

Gents: I very cheerfully state that I used Durang's Rheumatic Remedy with decided benefit.

A. H. STEPHENS,
Member of Congress, of Ga.

PRESIDENTIAL MANSION,
Washington, D. C., April 23, 1875.

Messrs Helphenstine & Bentley:

Gents: For the past seven years my wife has been a great sufferer from rheumatism, her doctors failing to give her rel

Her Ghost.

He guards me and guides me with faultless devotion,
I lean on his love in revering surrender;
He moves me and moulds me as moonlight the ocean,
When deep in the spell of its delicate splendor!

In him all my happiness rises and closes;
He wins all allegiance my soul can deliver;
His love is to mine what the stem to the rose is,
The wing to the bird, or the rain to the river!

And yet there are days when his matchless affection,
Though free as of old from all shadow of error,
And wake in my spirit a dreamy dejection,
A vague discontent, an intangible terror!

And death has no part in the fear that I cherish;
My heart has its own mystic process of proving
That love, when we see it so earthly perish,
Leaps up into loftier powers of loving!

No, death cannot force me to tremble or falter;
From causes more darksome my dread is engendered;
Will time, with its tyrannous changes, not alter
The passion that now is so peerlessly tendered?

Ah, what if this worship should wane and grow little?
Should fade from the fervor I deem so delicious?
Though strong are fidelity's bonds, they are brittle;
Though love may be loyal, it may be capricious!

Oh, this is the ghost that in ceaseless persistence
Pursues me with cold, subtle whispers of scorning,
And over the dearest delights of existence
Upraises one merciless finger of warning!

[Edgar Fawcett.

The Nun and Harp.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

What memory fired her pallid face?
What tide of sorrow and desire
Poured its forgotten flood
Upon a heart that ceased to beat,
Long since, with thoughts that life was sweet
When nights were rich with starry dusk
And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then
Stolen through the latticed room,
Her funeral raiment would have shed
A more heart-breaking gloom—
Had not a dimpled convent maid
Hung in the doorway, half afraid,
And left the melancholy place
Bright with her blush and bloom.

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
And through the singing strings
Wound those wan hands of folded prayer
In murmurous preludings.
Then, like a voice, the harp rang high
Its melody, as climb the sky,
Melting against the melting blue,
Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why of all the songs that grow
Forever tenderer,
Chose she that passionate refrain
Where lovers, mid the stir
Of wassailers that round them pass,
Hide their sweet secret? Now, alas,
In her nun's habit, coifed and veiled,
What meant that song to her?

Slowly the western ray forsook
The statue in its shrine,
A sense of tears thrilled all the air
Along that purpling line.
Earth seemed a place of graves that rang
To hollow footsteps, while she sang—
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

Silver Regions of the World.

In 1850 Nevada was not reckoned among the silver-producing regions. Mexico and South America in that year produced $55,000,000—nearly five times the amount obtained in the same year from Europe, Asia and Africa. The production of Piedmont in that year was greater than that of any other section of the eastern continent, and was about $1,500,000. Austria was represented by about $1,000,000, while Russia, Norway, Saxony, Spain, the Hartz Mountains, and Devonshire and Cornwall in England, produced the remainder. India has often been represented as destitute of silver, but we have statements from Sir Roderick Murchison and other travellers that the Kulu valley is so rich in ore and metallic silver that it might be made to yield enormous revenues for ages to come. What was once known as the silver country of the Vazurs in Kulu comprises the mountainous country lying between the Beas, Sainji and Parbutti Rivers. The mines, although in the palmy days of India worked to a considerable extent, are now almost forgotton, surely by the inhabitants of the region itself. The Manikara mines in the same valley are known to be incalculably rich, but are now unworked. The Indian authorities, and even the people themselves, lay every obstacle in the way of developing them for fear of impoverishing the country.

In the first three centuries after the discovery of America it has been computed that 160,000 tons of pure silver were exported from Peru and Mexico alone. This would be sufficient to form a solid globe of silver one hundred feet in diameter. Considering the rude manner of working ores at that day, this is no trifle. The difference between mining in Peru and mining in Mexico is only in the climate of the silver regions. The Potosi mine, which has yielded enormous quantities of silver, is at an elevation as great as that of the summit of Mt. Blanc, in a region of perpetual snow. The mines of Mexico are on the middle lands, where neither frost nor great heat is felt. The vast mineral wealth of Peru has been developed by the patient industry of the native Indians. Their wages per week average about $1.50 in our money.

A very romantic story is told of the Salcado mine, which has been lost for a hundred years. Salcado was a young Spaniard who fell in love with and married an Indian girl, whereupon she revealed to him the location of a silver mine of fabulous richness and as yet unworked. Salcado, with the aid of his wife, found the mine, and making friends with the Indians, he commenced work upon it. In a few years he was enormously rich. The Spanish governor learning of his prosperity, and designing to secure the mine to himself, caused a charge of conspiracy to be made against him, under which he was arrested, tried and condemned, although the charge was entirely fictitious. When awaiting execution he promised the governor, De Lemos, that if he would allow the proofs to be sent to Madrid and be inspected by the King, there should be paid to him a hundred pounds of silver every day until the vessel should go to Spain and return. As the voyage one way in those days consumed about sixteen weeks it is readily seen that the ransom offered was enormous. Salcado was executed. The avaricious governor hastened to the mine, but the mine was gone. It has never been found. The widow and her devoted Indians had determined that the murderer should never be rewarded for his crime, and they had flooded the mine and buried it in such a manner that discovery was impossible.

The richest silver mine in the world probably is the Potocchi, or in our vernacular, Potosi—the Cholar-Potosi being named from it. It is near La Plata, and was discovered in 1545. It has always been worked in a rude manner, but yet is said to have already produced $250,000,000 worth of the precious metal. For many years sixteen hundred Indians were employed in it, and being slaves, so cruelly were they worked that they decimated rapidly and their places immediately filled by others. At the present time two thousand paid men are employed, and the mine yields well and shows no signs of exhaustion

The total silver production in the world from the year 1850 to 1875 has been estimated to be $1,025,000,000, the United States producing one-tenth of the entire amount. The yield of Mexico is at present at the rate of $20,000,000 annually. Peru is falling gradually behind, the yield for the year 1874 being but little over $3,000,000. The mines of Chili and Bolivia are being rapidly developed, and will soon furnish a material item in the annual production. In 1867, Nevada proudly pointed to a yield of $12,500,000. In 1869, the production was hardly half as much. The production for the present year will probably exceed $25,000,000. The annual production of the Idaho mines is about $3,000,000, or as much as the famous mines of Peru. Colorado in 1874 is estimated to have produced bullion to the amount of $1,000,000.

Judge Knight of Portland, secretary of the Maine Centennial Board, says that the time has arrived when manufacturers and others proposing to exhibit goods at the Philadelphia centennial exhibition, next year, should notify him of the space and style of their proposed contributions. Many cotton and woolen mills are already applying.

The gratifying result in Maine, where in a largely increased total vote the Administration majority has been cut down more than one-half, was not brought about without earnest and untiring work. The part taken by the Democratic press of the State has been greatly to its credit, contributing not a little to the success of the campaign against Grantism. The Portland Argus, the Bangor Commercial, the Standard, of Augusta, the Republican Journal, of Belfast, and, indeed, every Democratic and Liberal newspaper in the State, showed a vigor and life that gave the canvas an impulse such as has not been known for years. The organization of the party was also creditable to the gentlemen having that matter in charge, under whose management the campaign was conducted though quietly. Of the speakers who took part in the closing rallies, Massachusetts may proudly point to Hons. J. K. Tarbox, A. O. Brewster and J. E. Fitzgerald, to whose eloquent presentation of the issues before the people, together with the addresses of Hons. Bion Bradbury and E. P. Pillsbury, Gen. S. J. Anderson and other distinguished citizens of Maine, the result may in great measure be attributed. What honest political work may accomplish is shown in this election; and with another such canvass, conducted with equal zeal and energy, the complete redemption of Maine may be considered certain. [Boston Post.

The San Francisco correspondent of the New York Times gives the following anecdote relating to the late Mr. Ralston: When the question of locks for the Palace Hotel was under discussion, one day a very plain, common-looking man presented himself and asked if he was addressing Mr. Ralston, and, being answered in the affirmative, said: "I hear you want locks for the hotel. I am a locksmith and can make them for you." Mr. Ralston, looking up, said, in his quick, sharp way: "I want 4000 locks, no two alike, no one key to open another lock, and three extra keys for each lock 16,000 in all; and I want them in three months." "All right; I can do the job." "Have you any means to carry out the contract?" "Not a cent." "Then how do you expect to be able to take it?" "I expect you to lend me the money." Mr. Ralston looked at the man, gave him one searching glance, and seeing in him the right stuff, said: "All right; I'll do it. Come here to-morrow morning, sign the contract and get the money." The man carried out the contract to the letter.

Babies are born and old men die in the midst of thunder and driving rain precisely as though the skies were blue and the sun shone over holiday-makers; and the wet clay and rotted sod gives room to tired men and woman to lie down beneath them, and their sleep is quite as deep there as in warm earth and below whispering clover.

New Advertisements.

Dr. Townsend showing the manner of Inhaling.

DR. TOWNSEND'S OXYGENATED AIR

Cures Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Scrofula, and all Impurities of the Blood.

With Paralysis—are having unprecedented success. Consultation at our office or by letter free. All communications by mail will receive prompt attention. Treatment, with full instructions, sent to all parts of the world by express. Physicians and Druggists instructed in the use of our treatment and furnished with territory and advertising paper. None genuine unless "Inhale Dr. Townsend's Oxygenated Air" is blown in the bottle, also portrait of Dr. Townsend on label. Be careful to examine both bottle and label. Send stamp for our illustrated paper. Address DR. E. E. TOWNSEND, 233 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

FELLOW' HYPOPHOSPHITES.
THE MENTAL RENOVATOR.
THE ASSISTANT TO THE TOILING STUDENT, RELIEVES THE
PALPITATING, GRIEF-STRICKEN HEART,
AND GIVES
BUOYANCY TO THE TIRED BRAIN
OF THE HARASSED MAN OF BUSINESS.

WANTED!

By one of the largest Life Insurance Companies in the country, a few energetic men to act as Agents in New England. Only those desired who will personally solicit business and not depend upon the efforts of sub-agents for satisfactory results. To such parties liberal inducements will be offered. Address Post-office Box 5055, New York City.

DEVOE'S
--Brilliant--
OIL,
SAFE, ECONOMICAL, BEST, FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. SAFE, ECONOMICAL, BEST.

$3 SAMPLE FREE and big pay to male and female everywhere. Address THE UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Trifling with Biliousness Won't Do. In this way chronic disease is brought on. A disordered liver is the consequence of a foul stomach and obstructed bowels, and the very best preparation in existence to put them in perfect order and keep them so, is

Tarrant's Effervescent Aperient,
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SHUN DRUG POISONS.
MEDICINE RENDERED USELESS!
Volta's Electro Belts and Bands
are indorsed by the most eminent physicians in the world for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, kidney disease, aches, pains, nervous disorders, fits, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and other chronic diseases of the chest, head, liver, stomach, kidneys and blood. Book with full particulars free by **Volta Belt Co., Cincinnati, O.**

READ THIS.

A reliable and energetic AGENT WANTED in every County, in every State in the Union.

Liberal inducements offered to the right parties. Address

WELLINGTON BROS.,
129 Broad Street, New York City.

TEAS.—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody. Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

TO INVENTORS No Charges for obtaining Patents unless successful. Pamphlet *free.* C. A. SHAW, 119 Tremont Street, Boston.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$510,000. ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY. Distributed every fifteen days.
1 prize $100,000 | 1 prize $50,000
2 prizes, $25,000 each,..... 50,000
854 prizes, amounting to.....310,000.
Whole tickets, $20; quarters, $5; twentieths, $1. Circulars of information free. Prizes cashed.
A. DOMAU & CO., Bankers,
Post-office Box 2089. 21 Park Row, New York.
Royal Saxon and Brunswick Government Lotteries constantly on hand.

Sanford's Independent Line
—FOR—
BOSTON AND LOWELL.
ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SEASON OF 1875.
Two Steamers on the Route! Four Trips per Week.

STEAMER **KATAHDIN,** Capt. Wm. R. Roix,
STEAMER **CAMBRIDGE,** Capt. J. P. Johnson,

Will leave **Belfast** for **Boston** every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2 P. M.
Returning will leave **Boston** every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 5 1-2 P. M.

FARE TO BOSTON. - $2 50
" " LOWELL. - 3 65

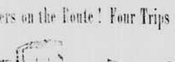
All freight must be accompanied by Bill of Lading in duplicate. All freight bills must be paid on delivery of goods. GEO. G. WELLS, Agent.
Belfast, June 1, 1875.—48

MT. DESERT & MACHIAS.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
Two Trips Per Week.

THE STEAMER
LEWISTON,
CAPT. CHAS. DEERING,

Will leave Railroad Wharf, foot of State Street, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Evenings, at 10 o'clock, commencing, Tuesday, May 25, for Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgwick, So. West Harbor, (Mt. Desert,) Millbridge, Jonesport and Machisport.
Returning will leave Machiasport every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings at **4:30** o'clock, touching as above, arriving in Portland same night, usually connecting with Pullman Train, and early morning Trains for Boston and the West.
The STEAMER LEWISTON has large capacity for Freight and Passengers, has also 75 large airy State Rooms including 10 Family Rooms.
For further particulars inquire at Railroad Wharf, Portland.
CYRUS STURDIVANT, Gen'l Agt.
Portland, May, 1875. 1f47

INSIDE LINE.
1875. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1875.
THREE TRIPS PER WEEK.
Bangor to Portland, Boston, Lawrence & Lowell.



STEAMER
City of Richmond,
CAPTAIN C. KILBY,

Will commence on the NEW ARRANGEMENT, with CONNECTING TRAINS from Portland to Boston, on MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1875, as follows
Leaving Bangor at 6 o'clock A. M., every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, making all the usual landings on the River and Bay, arriving at Portland and connect with a Steamboat Express Train over the Boston & Maine Railroad only; arriving in Boston at 10 o'clock P. M. This Train is arranged expressly to connect with the Steamer, and will wait for the arrival of the Boat in all weather.
☞ Passengers will be Ticketed through to Lowell, arriving in Lowell at 9.40 same Evening. Fare same as to Boston.

RETURNING,
Passengers going East will take the Cars at 6 o'clock P. M., over either Eastern or Boston & Maine Railroad, arriving in Portland at 10 o'clock, connecting with the Steamer, arriving in Rockland at 4 o'clock in the Morning, and Bangor at 10.30 A. M. Stage connection at Rockland for Thomaston and adjoining Towns; also, Railroad and Stage connections at Belfast and Bucksport for interior Towns.
Steamer Richmond will connect going West with the Portland Steamboat Company's Steamers, leaving Portland every day at 7 o'clock P. M., arriving in Boston at 5 o'clock in the morning.
☞ Tickets sold on board the Richmond, over the Portland & Rochester Railroad, to Nashua, Worcester, Plymouth, Norwich, Springfield, Albany, Hartford, New Haven, and New York. Also, all Stations between Portland and Worcester.
Baggage Checked through on the Steamer to destination.
FARES.—From Bangor to Winterport and Bucksport, 50 Cents; Rockland to Portland, $1.00; all other fares as usual.
Cold Brother